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THE
NEW ENGLAND
QUARTERLY

MARCH 1950

THERE SHE STANDS. . . .

STEWART HOLBROOK

THERE she stands, New England in mid-twentieth century, the ancient and native home of the race called Yankees.

She has been buried and buried again, buried deep, these past one hundred years and more. Other Americans, not Yankees, buried her, singing the obsequies of her political power, of her agriculture, of her industries, and of her intellect.

There she stands, mid-century, and that she stands at all is a matter of some wonderment, for the outlanders publish her obituary every little while.

What can she show for her long and honorable past save a few historical shrines, and graveyards without number? True, the shrines are well kept and the slabs in the cemeteries have quaint and amusing inscriptions in their slate and granite. But, God help you, *what* sort of nourishment can they derive from the Green at Lexington, handsome though it be, or from the iron-fenced Old Granary in Boston? They taste not of manna, but of the bitterness of ashes. Their flowers are no longer living garlands, but wreaths of the valley of the Shadow. . . .

In forty-two states, and in the territories of Alaska and Hawaii as well, one hears it said, as though it were a documented and patented verity, that the once great country of the Yankees is Necropolis.

Call them Ishmael no longer. Their great strength, as well as their weakness, was that they were at odds with almost everybody, including themselves, and thus they performed marvels to prove they were right. It was a wonderful thing to be *certain,* to possess neolithic assurance. This came from history. Yankees read history, all history, in the light of piety; and they discovered, in the temporal unfolding of the divine plan, that the entire past, up to the year 1620, had been merely a prologue to the founding of the New England commonwealths. They spent their strength fashioning their native region to their liking, then went forth in an attempt to do the same for the less fortunate parts of what became the American Republic.

But call them Ishmael no longer. Their harpoons of iron have rusted away. Their bomb-lances of ideas have either long since been accepted, or have been stowed away as curiosities in libraries. Leviathan may still maketh a path to shine after him, yet there are none to follow the wake. The Lord may still call to them to go forth—for all the Yankees know—but they can no longer understand His word. The confusing babel around them is too much. . . .

Where, pray, are their great voices that once echoed to the far reaches of the nation?

It was, sir, a small college—Mr. Webster had said—yet there were those who loved it. Even their hermits could be eloquent, for Thoreau had observed, of Old Brown of Ossawatomie, that he was the sort to leave a Greek accent slanting the wrong way, in order to right up a falling man. Yankee women, too, spoke up in meeting, and it turned out that Dorothea, granddaughter of Dr. Elijah Dix, had something to say. I proceed, gentlemen—she told the General Court—to call your attention to the present state of insane persons within this Commonwealth. . . . Another Yankee female, who had seen the glory of the coming of her Lord, sent her brothers, and cousins unto the fourth generation, and many another, away to die to the thunderous hymn she wrote between midnight and dawn, in an Army tent near Washington.

But where are their voices *now*? Where are their whalers, their peddlers, their traders? Where are their divines, their inventors, their reformers of this and that, where are their schoolmasters, their makers of states?

As long ago as the Fourth of July, in 1876, the Reverend Frank E. Howe thought he knew. On that glorious day of the Centennial he stood in the hot sun on Grafton Common, in Massachusetts, and spoke not only for himself, and the audience before him, but spoke for all the Yankees resident in New England. "Who cares," he cried, "for the growth of New England? Who cares, so long as she can continue to give principles and institutions and men to the Nation?" He paused a moment, then replied to his question. "No Yankee," he said, "cared whether or not New England grew apace, so long as the whole nation became New Englandized." He was not contradicted.

The eloquent Mr. Howe was, of course, rhetorical. There may, too, have been something of whistling in the dark. Certainly there was a smugness. Yet above all he spoke truthfully. He said in words exactly what a majority of Yankees believed on that Fourth of July in 1876, and what they believe three quarters of a century later—that no matter the status of New England, her people had gone forth in continuous waves to spread Yankee notions and institutions in all parts of the country.

It is what the people believe about themselves that counts. They act or they fail to act according to their beliefs.

A few years after Mr. Howe, another Yankee looked at his brethren. He was Francis Parkman of Boston, a writer who had seen a good deal of the American West. Now he looked at his rural New England. He thought that it had largely disappeared. He spoke of its narrowness, its prejudices, its oddities, and its unconquerable strength, all of which, he said, were among the things of the past; or, where they did linger, it was in some remote corner where the whistle of the locomotive was never heard. New England, Mr. Parkman went on, had

spread itself in swarming millions over half a continent, changing with changing conditions; and even that part of it which still clung to the ancestral hive had transformed and continued to transform itself.

The Yankees had indeed spread over half a continent. Their character had doubtless changed somewhat. But look you to what changes they had wrought upon half a continent. . . .

In the meantime, what was left in New England? What of the ancestral hive? It was still something of a hive, praise be, though the swarm was of species mixed beyond knowing. The law that was given unto them by Old Bradford at Plymouth Plantation, that those who labored not should have no corn—it might be weaker than of old, but it was still in the statutes. The word *Industry* might now be written *without* a capital letter, yet it was still held in some respect, even if many a granite Yankee complained bitterly that the word itself had no more meaning, in these latter times of weakness, than the making of potash, or the reduction of a sperm whale for illuminating oil.

Times of weakness? Yea, and times of impiety. It was not so in 1849, when on a Friday in July, off the town of Chatham on the Cape, a huge whale was sighted, then taken by the inhabitants. On the following day another whale was taken in the same spot. Then, on Sunday, as if to try the faith of these people, still another fine great monster appeared. "Not a boat was sent in pursuit," reported the *American Messenger*, a weekly paper of Boston.

"The inhabitants of New England," said an observer of a hundred years ago, "are of a character equal in strength to the austerity of their beliefs."

So, doubtless, are they to this day, though the austerity of their beliefs has been softened. (Weakened, say the surviving men of granite.) It was softened by the hordes from the Old World who swarmed into New England while Yankees were swarming into Ohio, Kansas, and Oregon. And it was softened even more by Yankee philosophers who, as Yankees came to

fear less the unreasonable forces of nature, saw that their God was a more genial God than they had at first supposed. He was also a God more remote than of yore. He was surely easier to live with. Yea, God's controversy with New England had come to an end. The Sabbath now belonged not only to God but to His chosen people.

The swarming immigrants brought a complexity in their religions, and even though the Yankees themselves had invented a number of religions of their own, they still, one and all, spoke directly to the Lord without intermediary. With each of their new home-made religions, it seemed, there was even less of divine authority than before. Now, with the immigrants, came a church armed with the same sort of absolute authority that had caused the Pilgrims and Puritans to leave old England. So, it was little wonder that the Yankees, who relied chiefly upon their individual consciences for guidance, feared it, found it alien, and were ready to believe the worst that any scoundrel could concoct about its clergy.

Meanwhile, however, the spindles turned in Lowell, in Woonsocket, in Manchester, watched by pretty girls from Ireland, while gadgets of metal flowed in continuous streams from the hands of Poles and Letts in the factories of Bridgeport and Meriden; and mountains of pulpwood, felled by *canayens* and Finns, were digested into paper at Millinocket and Berlin Falls. Thousands of men from Scotland and Italy took their chisels in hand and wrote *Here Lies* in slabs from valleys of granite and marble at Barre and Rutland. In Montpelier and Hartford, insurance clerks born in Cork or Montreal filled in papers that gambled on the lives of locomotive engineers in Texas and the houses and barns of settlers in North Dakota. English and Scandinavians in Hartford and New Haven made weapons with which to protect the honest if illegal stills in the Carolinas, or to stick-up Dexter Horton's fine bank on Puget Sound.

Nor was all the Industry and busy-ness in field and factory. From forty-two states, as well as from much of the rest of the

world, there came—and come—thousands upon thousands of outlanders to drink at the very font of learning in North America, which bubbles forth at places named Dartmouth and Bowdoin, at Boston and Cambridge, at Providence and Middlebury, at Amherst and Williamstown, at Worcester and New Haven. Many come as students, hungry for learning or technology; others come as snobs, for though the outlanders have buried New England over and over, there surrounds the hoary Yankee universities some aura of infinitely greater effulgence than is to be found in the West or South. The several "a's" in "Harvard Yard" can be heard as properly pronounced in Des Moines or Tacoma as in the First Parish Church (Unitarian) in Cambridge. Graying males of Oakland and Kansas City smile nostalgically when the radio brings them the song about Morey's, a drinking saloon in New Haven.

Mr. Speaker, it is not generally known, but is yet a fact, that the colleges of New England harbor one-fifth of all the books in all the colleges in the United States. . . . And may I extend my remarks, sir, to point out that the endowment funds of New England colleges amount to more than a quarter of all such funds in the entire country.

Yet, what of yonder buildings, vast and silent, on the banks of so many Yankee streams? Their brick walls remind of colleges, for here and there some wan ivy clings and climbs, and there are great bells in their towers. Those bells, stranger, have not rung in years. Once upon a time they were pealed nigh at dawn, a tocsin to start five hundred thousand spindles to turning, to set a-move the flying shuttles, all to the end that the wives of farmers along the Kaw and the Minnesota should have proper cotton drawers and the bemused natives of Oahu should cover their nakedness. Those spindles, Outlander, and those shuttles still spin and whir, but in the county named for a Mr. Gaston, in North Carolina, where the hide of a Yankee was once prized even above that of a fine raccoon. Yankees freed the slaves, O Lord, then moved their New England mills

near the fields of cotton, to enthrall the natives of the South with a music new to them, and to leave Fall River with another topic beside that of Miss Lizbeth Borden, and to bequeath Manchester an empty brick shed full two miles long, drowsing by the falls of the Amoskeag.

But, Mr. Speaker, may I remark here that in the matter of woolen *manufacture New England retains her ancient preeminence. The great looms of Lawrence, of Nashua, and other of our cities produce three-fifths of all such goods made in the nation. As to other textiles, sir, we must admit that they are now made in larger amount elsewhere, a condition due in no small part to the flighty American woman—the slave of Fashion, sir, if I may coin a phrase—who without reason, and most suddenly at that, ceased to buy our fine calico and gingham, which had been the favorites of her mother, her grandmother, and her great-grandmother, and demanded clothing made of a synthetic and damnable material called rayon. A passing fancy, sir, but most grievous.*

It was typical of John Whittier, whose mother was a Greenleaf, that he ignored the clatter of the many shoe factories in Haverhill and Amesbury, to write of barefoot boys. The tall, swarthy man with the brooding eyes loathed the rising Yankee industries. He saw them making a new kind of slave, just when Yankees were going forth to free the chattels of the South. So, he ignored the cordwainers, who had once grandly called themselves the Knights of St. Crispin, but who were now automatons chained to machines, to apply venom to the South, a place of woman's shriek beneath the lash, of manhood's wild despair; and to idealize an older, a simpler, a better time, when Maud Muller raked the sweet meadow, or when snow drifted gently down through loose shingles on a farmhouse roof. Old Whittier would doubtless have been pleased had he lived to see the Yankee cordwainers departing for Tennessee, for Wisconsin, for Missouri, for California, taking their machines with them.

Yesterday the chairman of the committee on industries reported that though many factories in Maine, Massachusetts and New Hampshire had been closed, New England continues to make better than one-third of all the leather boots and shoes manufactured in the United States. He said, also, that no matter where shoes were manufactured in America, nearly all of them were manufactured on machinery made and owned in New England, and rented out on a royalty basis. The chairman added that more than one-half of all the textile machinery in the country was made in New England.

This is all very well, and quite smart of the Yankees to retain such a basic interest in manufacture, no matter where it is carried on. It has permitted the daughters and widows of State Street in Boston to don their lavender taffeta once a quarter, to adjust their whalebone collars, and to visit the board rooms and safety deposits, there to see that the coupons are cut precisely on the dotted lines, and to wonder, possibly, why anyone should prefer to manufacture something in St. Louis, or Gastonia, or Milwaukee—and thus be obliged to live in such barbarous places.

Yankees of old were wont to risk their capital anywhere, no matter how distant from New England, no matter the size of the risk. (God, you comprehend, was obliged to create providential opportunities for Yankee advancement.) But the children and grandchildren of the men who financed Calumet & Hecla, and Rumford Baking Powder, and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, and such crazy enterprises, are content with less risk and a sure five per cent. A considerable army of quiet men wearing hard collars and high lace shoes advise the old ladies of both sexes who, though in God they may still trust, like also to know what the Messrs. Kidder & Peabody and Hornblower & Weeks and Lee Higginson think of these concerns, these come-latelys who are manufacturing new inventions, such as electric lights and horseless carriages. Rich or poor, however, the Yankees know where to put a portion of their spare cash.

The First National's survey, made public this week, shows that New England has about one-third of all mutual savings bank deposits in the country and more than 18 per cent of all savings deposits. Savings deposits of all banking institutions in New England are $504 per capita, as compared with $160 for the remainder of the country.

Savers of pennies, savers of string, eaters of shoebox lunches on trains, wearers of shiny clothes, of hideous vintage hats, tippers of nickels and dimes. . . . Hold, sir—hold. You do not do us justice. Any old porter on the cars between Boston and the District of Columbia will tell you that Mr. Coolidge, who was surely a Yankee, *always* presented a tip of fifteen cents. What would you make of us, anyway? Would you have us of New England like you of the outlands—improvident, lavish merely for the sake of show? Do you not remember the rebuke given you Westerners who had complained about the economy of Yankee tourists and had indulged in stale witticisms regarding their penuriousness? Why, San Francisco's *Daily Bulletin* took you severely to task, saying that these Yankees whom you had maligned were the very people who devoted more of their incomes to educational and charitable purposes than any other people on earth. And remarked further that the people of California, few of whom—said the *Bulletin*—had a hundred dollars to their names, had better emulate the Yankee and cease to talk windily of millions while wondering where next week's rent was coming from.

Industry is fortune's right hand; frugality her left. Would you rather not be laughed at for your economies than be hounded for your extravagances when the rent was due? Frugality itself is a handsome income. He is rich who owes nothing. A man in debt, said Mr. Emerson, is so far a slave.

But libel the Yankee if you will. He is today the most set-upon, the most abused, the most caricatured American of all. He is, in fact, almost the only American who pays no heed to the libels about him. Who is the favorite villain of the stage and movies, of novels? He is a *Yankee* banker, name of Pea-

body or something similar, and not Cohen or Guggenheim. The favorite spiritual mountebank of the stage and movies is not good Father O'Houlihan, but the Rev. Mr. Sears, or something similar, patently a Congregational minister. The simple clown is not Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown, but a clod from Pumpkin Center, Maine. The desire that results in dreadful adulteries is compounded under New England elms. The mourning that so becomes Electra stems from murder and incest, committed on a pretty New England farm.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is not to be shown because it reminds one that Negroes once were slaves—and not because of its cruel Simon Legree, born a Yankee. *Oliver Twist* is banned because of Fagin, a Jew; and the clever magicians of Hollywood have at last produced a *The Three Musketeers* without the unfrocking of a Cardinal Richelieu.

The time rapidly approaches when the only safe target of libel in the United States will be the Yankee of the old pure stock, nor is he likely to give a tinker's dam for't. He is content in his smug belief that Yankees are above and beyond libel, as secure as are Yankee legends, such as the Horseman of Boston named Revere, as Colonel Allen at Ticonderoga, Nathan Hale at the gibbet, and the flowering of New England's bards and philosophers. Almost the only canard he will rise to refute is that his forebears were burners of witches. They were *not* burners of witches; they hanged them by the neck. . . .

Libels of the living Yankees are as the wind. But, sir, commit no improprieties with History. Do you not know what a foreigner, a Frenchman named Tocqueville, as sharp an observer as ever traveled, said of the United States a hundred years ago? He declared that the social theories common to the whole country came direct from New England. He remarked that the principles of the Yankees had not only spread to the neighboring states; they had "interpenetrated the whole confederation." He marveled in two fat books about these Yankees. He found that their civilization had been as a beacon lit upon a hill which, after it had diffused its warmth immediate-

ly around it, then tinged even the distant horizon with its glow.

Mr. Moderator, is there yet time, and is there yet sufficient freedom to permit a member of the minority called Yankees to express an opinion, and to cite a few facts? If so, Mr. Moderator, may I rise to remark for the record that the notions of the old Yankees have indeed interpenetrated the whole confederation of states. Narrow as that Yankee culture must have seemed, say, to the Episcopalians, and narrow and harsh to the Quakers, yet it was the only valid culture to withstand the rigors and distintegrating effects of the wilderness. Consider, too, its magnificent vitality. It splintered, true enough, yet in every splinter remained something of the basic vitality, no matter it be called by other names, as witness those who say they are Mormons or Adventists or Unitarians or Christian Scientists. And who, pray, is the shining light of the Baptists, if not Roger Williams, late of Providence Plantations....

Yes, indeed, the Presbyterians were dynamic, too. They had a much stronger organization than the Puritans. They were also superb tamers of the frontier. One doubts that America ever saw more efficient pioneers. Yet I bid you to read your history. A full century before those stout people had come, the Yankee Puritans called Congregationalists had founded schools and colleges. For a hundred years they had already cherished learning, and their beacon lit upon a hill had surely tinged the farthest horizon with its glow. If there is still, three hundred years later, a widespread respect for learning in America, then its sources were in the rock-bound New Canaan of the Yankees—and not elsewhere.

Three hundred and thirty years after establishment of the first New England settlement near the Rock that was called neither Peter not yet Paul, but Plymouth, the surviving Yankees have adjusted themselves to living in a world that is no longer, except in very small part, of their own. They come close to being, if they not already are, a minority in their own

region. The old Yankee blood becomes thinner, though slowly, by intermarriage with other stocks. In another two centuries the Yankee may well be extinct. What his descendants will be must be left to prophets in the field of anthropology. All that it is safe for a non-prophet to say is that the New Englander of the future will in all probability retain a few of the deep-seated characteristics of his forebears.

Those forebears were at one and the same time the most ardent of sectarians, and the peers of all innovators.

They believed that religion never more surely established its empire than when it reigned in the hearts of men unsupported by aught beside its native strength.

They sought to deal directly, individually, with their Lord; their pastors were merely referees in their discourses with Deity. This was their strength. They bottled up God's prerogative in a covenant, a bargain. They reduced Him to the rôle of an economic schoolmaster. He rewarded His good pupils. He punished the bad ones for neglect of their lessons. The good pupils were "to feare God & walke in hys wayes." They were to labor with all their might to extend His provinces, to protect those provinces from Satan, apparently the only personage feared by God.

It hath pleased the great God to enter into a treaty with us His poor creatures, the articles of which agreement are here comprised. God, for His part, undertakes to convey all that concerns our happiness. . . .

Even "happiness" was carefully described by this careful people. It comprised "health, maintenance, credit, prosperous successe in our callings & lawfull dealings, deliverance out of troubles, and such like. . . ." Here was success and morality, linked together as they were nowhere else in the world. Elsewhere, prosperity might be considered the results of luck and Industry. Not so in New Canaan. In the Yankee economy, luck was wholly eliminated. Nor was diligence alone enough to guarantee prosperity. That was the result of diligence plus

the very *right* to well-being, which was one of the Lord's promises of the Covenant.

Nor are you to think that riches brought depravity. This could not happen where riches were an award for piety. So long as the Yankees kept their hearts right for the Lord, all was well. That is why the old Yankees sought, with almost equal diligence, both material wealth and moral satisfaction —which was to say, well-being in this world, a heaven in the world yonder.

Truly, Mr. Moderator, was not theirs a tremendous daring, to thus inveigle Him into partnership with the Yankees, that He should advance them materially in exact proportion to their piety? Sir, it was a most audacious thing to do. And mark you, were they not also trying to prove that well-being on this earth was no longer an arbitrary award of despotism and ignorance? That well-being could have its source in justice and reason?

But now, three centuries after the Covenant, is the summer of the Yankees done? Do all things stand upon them with a weatherbeaten face? Has the wheat rotted in the shock? "Is ye whole cuntrie"—as Old Bradford had complained—"filled with woods & thicketts yt hideth wilde men of savage heiw & strang oppinnons?" No. It is merely that the summer of the Yankees' dynamic expansion and exodus is largely done. Nor does it matter overmuch, for the Yankees left the barns and storehouses of the nation well filled—filled with assorted abilities and notions, many of which, and recognized or not, are a part of the "whole confederation."

Well-being in this world? Heaven in the next? If these are goals of any number of us today, then we owe something to the curious people who established New Canaan in America, then attempted to expand it into each of forty-two other subdivisions of the Republic....

You visitors, you tourists, you summer people and travelers from far and near who have come to see the Yankee Necropolis

—look you by all means at our uncounted gravestones, smile at the naïve and the preposterous legends in their slate and marble. Look you, too, at the historic sites where Liberty began to be born. Go gape at our halls of learning, and our dry, spare churches, whence so many went forth to carry Yankee light and notions into far swamps.

Look well at every last hamlet you pass, too, and know that at some time or another this moulding village was a-burst with energy, that here was born at least one man, and perhaps a woman, who contributed something more to his native land than a vote or a length of homespun.

Look well at all of these; but do not, Outlander, in your tourist hurry, fail to contemplate those fences of granite that wind the long way through Connecticut, into Rhode Island and Massachusetts, that mark the fields in Vermont, and encompass whole pastures in New Hampshire, and even penetrate far into Maine. View them closely, look at them hard and long, and reflect if these granite bones of New England do not possess a permanence singularly adapted for a fence. We Yankees are not, as a people, much given to symbolism, yet we have poets among us, even as in the olden time, and our poets like to say that the granite bones of New England men possess a permanence particularly suited for the underpinning of a nation.

You may say that our poets are wrong, that the New England character is neolithic and thus unsuited to a more plastic age. Very well, then, and what exactly would you consider a base for the underpinning of the nation? Surely, you do not mean that the state, the government, should be the source of energy, of enterprise, of intellect? That isn't the way in which the small republic became a great nation. Much of the energy and even more of the intellect which has characterized America stemmed from New England sources. And those sources were *men and women*, individuals, whose character, despite popular myth and libel of many years, was not solid granite. Call it a granite base, if you will, but remember that it was dy-

namic, too—dynamic enough to form the core of American thought and action these three centuries.

Yes, the Puritan, the Yankee, the New Englander has indeed been the butt of much sport and ridicule. He has been attacked and demolished for his narrowness, for his calm assurance that he alone was right. But you must either admit that somehow or other he accomplished prodigies, or you must cite some other group of people who accomplished more, or even as much, in the New World. Such a people does not come readily to mind.

It was inevitable that the race of the Yankees should be swallowed by later immigrations and dissipated by the scattering of the Yankees themselves. There is, however, a residue of New England character in all parts of the United States. It has been influenced, changed, probably softened, perhaps weakened, by millions of non-Yankee Americans; yet it has been strong enough to impress itself in some measure upon non-Yankees who, in their second generations here are less like the Irish, the Germans, the Scandinavians, and the Italians than they are like the people who once upon a time lived at Plymouth and around the shores of Massachusetts Bay.

But—what are the tidings? How goes the nation? In the middle of the twentieth century there seems to be no solid, no granite-like assurance. Many Americans say that we are without a positive philosophy, that we are confused, that we search here and there and in vain for some anchor rock that is more than a treacherous reef. No such doubts contaminated the thinking of the old Yankees. Perhaps that is why their notions interpenetrated the whole confederation. At the head of those notions was Industry, along with a rigid moral code for which there neither was nor is another name. And somewhere in their baggage of notions was Economy, which one of their number, who was Noah Webster, declared to be "management without loss or waste." The foundation of all their notions was, of course, their belief, so clear and so unshakable as to mystify those who did not have it—their belief in a Power from which

they could draw, as water from a well, the strength needed for their prodigious works of both mind and body. You must comprehend that when a Yankee went out to pick rock and build a fence, he picked rock and built fence to the glory of his God. When he went out to break path through snowdrifts, it was to the glory of God. If he went to capture Louisburg, he captured Louisburg to the glory of God. When he decided to defy George ye Third, it was for the glory of God that he defied him, because he understood that he, a Yankee, was at work with God. Yea, because he knew that he had an ally in the Almighty, this man succeeded. . . .

Simple and austere notions they were. They survive, here and there, but they are not held in any esteem by the mass of Americans today, who dismiss them as old-fashioned, as backward, as narrow, as antiquated. Perhaps they are. But they were notions formulated by an amazingly durable and most effective people who thought that their legs were to stand upon. For three hundred years, more or less, that belief and those notions served them and America well. I could wish, sir, that more of us, in mid-twentieth century, were better acquainted with Old Bradford of Plymouth Plantation, he, the governor of the Pilgrim colony, who was certain that *all greate & honorable actions are accompanied with greate difficulties, and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages.*

The Rock at Plymouth may have been over-done as a sentimental symbol. But the spirit revealed by Old Bradford, and the generations following him, might well point the way, might even fill the void of which an uneasy "whole confederation" has become increasingly conscious.

HORACE BUSHNELL AND THE SLAVERY QUESTION

CHARLES C. COLE, JR.

THE American antislavery movement has had its quota of historians and many conflicting interpretations have been advanced concerning its rôle in the shaping of our political and economic history. Eminent scholars, such as Jesse Macy, Ralph V. Harlow, and Henry Steele Commager, have focused their attention on one figure or another in the slavery controversy.[1] Gilbert H. Barnes, rejecting the narrow range of a study of one man, traced the religious origins of the antislavery impulse and told its story mainly in terms of the work of the various societies set up in the 1830's to further the abolitionist cause.[2] One school of thought, led by Dwight L. Dumond, in restudying the movement, has applauded the work of Northern abolitionist agitators while a second school, represented by men like Arthur Young Lloyd, has taken a Southern defense.[3] More recently, another group, of whom Avery Craven is a member, has looked upon the Civil War as the result chiefly of the work done by the "fanatics" on both sides who forced the issue into armed conflict.[4]

All these historians, however, have one characteristic in common. By restricting their focus to the prominent antislavery figures and to the work done by the major organized societies, they have tended to distort the picture of the nature and make-up of the antislavery movement in general. In the

[1] Jesse Macy's *The Anti-Slavery Crusade* (New Haven, 1919) tells the story in terms of William Lloyd Garrison's career; Ralph V. Harlow's *Gerrit Smith, Philanthropist and Reformer* (New York, 1939), and Henry Steele Commager's *Life of Theodore Parker* (Boston, 1936) study the movement from different ground.

[2] Gilbert H. Barnes, *The Antislavery Impulse, 1830-1844* (New York, 1933).

[3] Dwight L. Dumond, *Antislavery Origins of the Civil War in the United States* (Ann Arbor, 1939); Arthur Young Lloyd, *The Slavery Controversy, 1831-1860* (Chapel Hill, 1939).

[4] Avery Craven, *The Coming of the Civil War* (New York, 1942).

opinion of the present writer, for a study of the antislavery movement to be adequate, some attention must be paid to those lesser-known individuals who, though not members of antislavery associations, leaders of Congress or political pamphleteers, nevertheless contributed in no small way to the crystallization of a nation-wide sentiment concerning slavery and its place in American society. This essay is a contribution to such a study.

Horace Bushnell (1802-1876) is not found frequently in the annals of those who crusaded against the "sin of slavery." He never joined any local, state, or national antislavery faction. He never toured the country lecturing against the institution nor did he campaign for office on an abolitionist plank. Nonetheless, in an appropriate sermon here or a pertinent article there, he helped mould that vast intangible called public opinion in the years immediately preceding the Civil War.

Bushnell was a Connecticut Congregationalist, born in Litchfield, a graduate of Yale in 1827, who tutored and taught school, worked on the editorial staff of the New York *Journal of Commerce* and studied law before he turned to the ministry. His period of study at the Theological Seminary in New Haven brought him under the influence of Nathaniel W. Taylor—an influence that was to lead him into a number of doctrinal disputes with his New England colleagues throughout his career. In 1833 he became pastor of the North Church of Hartford, Connecticut, which he served for the next twenty-one years.[5]

Bushnell was first and foremost a theologian. Attempts to classify him in one or another of the discordant groups which divided the Congregationalists and Presbyterians in the early nineteenth century and which split within themselves over

[5] There is no satisfactory biography of Bushnell. Mary Bushnell Cheney's *Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell* (New York, 1880), while detailed in every respect, is handicapped by a daughter's uncritical admiration. Theodore T. Munger's *Horace Bushnell, Preacher and Theologian* (Boston and New York, 1899) is a more critical study of his theological views. See also Lewis O. Brastow, *Representative Modern Preachers* (New York and London, 1904) and Frank H. Foster, *A Genetic History of New England Theology* (Chicago, 1907).

fine points of Calvinistic doctrine are fruitless. He was, like Erasmus before him, his own party, an uncompromising individualist. Indeed, he has been called the man "who finally released Congregational theological thought . . . from the confining bonds of a Calvinism which had lost its creative significance."[6] In constructing his theology he drew from all groups and all ages.[7] In his own words, his main aim in preaching was never "to overthrow one school and set up the other; neither was it to find a position of neutrality midway between them; but as far as theology is concerned, it was to comprehend, if possible, the truth contended for in both."[8]

Well in advance of his age, this tall, quietly eloquent divine did for nineteenth-century theology what Jonathan Edwards accomplished for the eighteenth. His influence among religious thinkers was revealed in the 1840's when several prominent religious periodicals attacked his major work, *God in Christ*, but were unable to silence him or prove their charges of heresy against him.[9] He pioneered in the field of religious education with his book, *Views of Christian Nurture*, considered "one of the most influential theological works ever published in America."[10] Moreover, a recent study has concluded, "The modern development of social concern of the church . . . had its primary source in the life and work of Rev. Horace Bushnell."[11] Many preachers of the Social Gospel themselves acknowledged their debt to the older minister.[12]

But while Bushnell was "the most original and influential

[6] Gaius G. Atkins and Frederick L. Fagley, *History of American Congregationalism* (Boston and Chicago, 1942), 173-174.

[7] The best expressions of Bushnell's theology are to be found in his *Views of Christian Nurture* (Hartford, 1848), *God in Christ* (Hartford, 1849), and *Christ in Theology* (Hartford, 1851).

[8] Horace Bushnell, *Twentieth Anniversary. A Commemorative Discourse* (Hartford, 1853), 14.

[9] Cheney, *Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell*, 214-215.

[10] Ernest T. Thompson, *Changing Emphases in American Preaching* (Philadelphia, 1943), 20.

[11] Atkins and Fagley, *History of American Congregationalism*, 241.

[12] Washington Gladden, *Pioneers of Religious Liberty in America* (Boston, 1903), 227-263.

theologian in New England . . . save Theodore Parker alone,"[13] his activities were not by any means limited to doctrinal disputes and complicated points of theology. His interests embraced most of the major reform movements of the day; he was an energetic proponent of missionary activities, an outspoken critic of Catholicism, and an enthusiastic crusader in educational circles.[14] Early in his career he declined the presidency of Middlebury College and later, in 1856, while in California for his health, he was instrumental in founding and picking a site for the University of California. Strongly nationalistic, few issues escaped his comment and in later life he went so far as to declaim vigorously against the women's suffrage movement.[15]

It is understandable that such a man, actively vocal on matters ranging from presidential elections to the fate of the Hartford water-works, should have had decided views on the slavery question. The first opportunity Bushnell had to express himself on this issue came shortly after Garrison's rough treatment at the hands of an angry Boston mob in 1835. That year, in an impassioned sermon called *Crisis of the Church,* Horace Bushnell began, "We stand to represent certain great ideas and principles, the success and validity of which, among other nations, depend in a chief degree upon us."[16] A number of dangers threaten the nation, however. Of these the young minister lists "slavery, infidelity, Romanism and the current of our political tendencies" as the principal threats. Of slavery, he asks, "Is it not too sensitive for salutary control, and ready on all occasions to sunder or revolt at the slightest imaginary grievance. Such should not be the temper of a free people."[17]

Four years later, Bushnell delivered one of his most power-

[13] Edwin D. Mead, "Horace Bushnell, the Citizen," *New England Magazine,* XXI, 505-516 (Dec., 1899).

[14] For the most blatant example of Bushnell's anti-Catholicism see *Barbarism, the First Danger* (New York, 1847). Another anti-Catholic work, *Common Schools* (Hartford, 1853), best expresses his educational views.

[15] See Horace Bushnell, *Women's Suffrage: the Reform against Nature* (New York, 1869).

[16] Horace Bushnell, *Crisis of the Church* (Hartford, 1853), 1.

[17] Bushnell, *Crisis of the Church,* 18.

ful addresses on the subject of slavery.[18] Delivered first in the North Church, Hartford, on January 10, 1839, and later printed in pamphlet form, his address attacked three features of the institution of slavery: "the non-permission of the family state" by the condition of servitude, the absence of any real protection to the body of the slave, and the lack of recognition in the slave of a "moral or intellectual nature."[19]

Early in his address Bushnell foresees the outcome of the slavery controversy. "The approach of some great struggle and final contest of opinion on this subject," he declares, "had long been evident, and the flame which now burst so fiercely hot, I did not doubt, must burn, either wisely or madly, till the decree of an Invisible Providence was accomplished in the downfall of this hideous institution."[20] This downfall need not take place through Northern intervention. Indeed, it would be better, Bushnell believes, if the South were to abolish slavery its own way.

Unlike many of his contemporaries, Horace Bushnell did not direct his fire against Southern slaveholders. His 1839 address best illustrates his attitude concerning them. "If there was ever a people on earth involved in crime, who yet deserved sympathy and gentleness at the hands of the good," he asserts, "it is the slaveholding portion of our country."[21] He offers advice not criticism to his Southern brothers:

> I say to the South, this institution is your own, not ours. Take your own way of proceeding. Modify your system as you please. . . . Create you a serfdom, or a villein socage, or sweep the whole fabric away. But . . . until you have established the family state and made it sacred, till you have given security to the body, till you have acknowledged the immortal mind and manhood of your slave, you do an offense to God and humanity, in the continuance of this institution which we must condemn.[22]

[18] Horace Bushnell, *A Discourse on the Slavery Question* (Hartford, 1839).

[19] *A Discourse on the Slavery Question*, 6.

[20] *A Discourse on the Slavery Question*, 3.

[21] *A Discourse on the Slavery Question*, 6.

[22] *A Discourse on the Slavery Question*, 8.

Nor will the masters lose by emancipation, Bushnell points out. "The slave will still exist on their soil, and constitute an article of the general wealth, as truly as now. The labor-power will not be destroyed, and it will be commanded at as cheap a rate as now."[23] Emancipation would be practical as well as humanitarian! Even Russia is ahead of the South:

> We hear too, at this moment, that the Czar of Russia is preparing the emancipation of his serfs, and that all the monarchs on the Continent of Europe are vieing [*sic*] with each other in the matter of popular education. After so many ages of deferred hope and ineffectual striving, the day of the people has come!—man is now to be recognized in the rights of his being, and valued in his immortal properties.[24]

To which the New Englander adds in addressing the South, "here is a force in motion which you cannot long resist. The law of human society is against you."[25]

What invective there is in Bushnell's speech is reserved for the Northern antislavery societies. To them he announces, "The destruction of slavery will be accomplished either with you or without you; or, if you make it necessary, in spite of you."[26] He chides the abolitionists for expecting freedom to be of any real service to the Negroes. Indeed, he predicts they will die off quickly after emancipation:

> I do not anticipate any such bright destiny opening on the African race, in this country, as seems to occupy the vision of our Anti-Slavery brethren. . . . The vision of a new created, enlightened race of Christian freemen . . . has too slender a support in the sober facts of history and the laws of population ascertained in political science.[27]

The Connecticut evangelist cites the relative decline in the population of the free Negro in the North to document his

[23] *A Discourse on the Slavery Question*, 9.
[24] *A Discourse on the Slavery Question*, 10.
[25] *A Discourse on the Slavery Question*, 10.
[26] *A Discourse on the Slavery Question*, 11.
[27] *A Discourse on the Slavery Question*, 11.

case, pointing out that while the white population of Massachusetts increased between twenty and thirty per cent in the 1830's, the colored population grew at the rate of only two and one-half per cent. A mass of similar statistics leads him to conclude that there is no example in history of an uncultivated and barbarous stock surviving in the midst of a cultivated and civilized one. His expectation then is "that the African race, in this country, would soon begin to dwindle towards extinction . . . if emancipated."[28]

He also rebukes the antislavery leaders for their "sin of ill manners." "They did not go to work like Christian gentlemen." The entire slavery question "is altogether too inflammatory . . . to be safely entrusted to associations." He wouldn't even trust himself in such a society and believes, "We should have vastly greater weight, if we stood singly."[29] His plan of action would be to have "one or two Christian gentlemen" go to the South and by conferring with "the more candid and humane citizens" begin in this way to get Southerners themselves to act for the improvement of the Negro.

Bushnell opposed the abolitionist societies on principle as well as for their conduct. In another address in which he considered the relation of Mosaic law to slavery,[30] he did not go so far as to defend slavery as a divine institution but he did not deny its existence in Old Testament times as did many ardent abolitionists. Slavery, the Hartford divine declared, was a part of Mosaic law "but was subject to elimination under the growth of moral sentiments."[31]

Bushnell could not keep the antislavery question out of his pulpit. During the presidential campaign of 1844, he indirectly attacked the Whig candidate, Henry Clay, by denouncing the Missouri Compromise, of which Clay was the author. In Bushnell's opinion, Clay "took upon his soul the sorrows of

[28] *A Discourse on the Slavery Question*, 12.

[29] *A Discourse on the Slavery Question*, 17, 20, 22.

[30] Horace Bushnell, *The Growth of Law* (Hartford, 1843).

[31] Munger, *Horace Bushnell, Preacher and Theologian*, 297.

untold millions of bondmen" and brought "moral desolation to the fairest portion of the globe."[32] After decrying the divorce of politics from "conscience and religion" and warning that the nation was doomed if moral principles continued to exert no influence in the affairs of state, the author returned to the theme of slavery. "Slavery, as such," he concluded, "has no principle--it loosens all the evil passions of human nature. Its law is human will. The style of southern politics has accordingly been signalized by irresponsibility from the first."[33] This sermon, which to Bushnell's pleasure "made a breeze," his daughter asserts cost Clay "tens of thousands of votes."[34]

During the 1840's Bushnell's attacks increased in scope and ferocity. "Slavery is the great curse of the nation," he asserted in one sermon. "The time has now come to renounce our pusillanimity. . . . We have made a farce of American liberty long enough."[35] "Slavery . . . is an essentially barbarous institution," he announced in another article[36] and will be removed. Surprisingly aware of economic development and evidently conscious of the implications of America's industrial revolution, he made the following observation:

> Free labor is rising, at length, into a state of wealth and comfort, to take the lead of American society. Meanwhile, the foster sons of slavery,—the high families, the statesmen—gradually receding in character, as they must under this vicious institution, are receding also in power and influence, and have been ever since the revolution. Slavery is a condition against nature. . . . We cannot, as American christians, be at peace with it longer.[37]

Even in his correspondence, Bushnell carried on his crusade against slavery. He was bitter in his denunciation of the Compromise of 1850. "There are things required in this abom-

[32] Horace Bushnell, *Politics under the Law of God* (Hartford, 1844), 8.
[33] Bushnell, *Politics under the Law of God*, 13.
[34] Cheney, *Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell*, 110.
[35] Bushnell, *Politics under the Law of God*, 18.
[36] Horace Bushnell, *Barbarism, the First Danger* (New York, 1847), 18.
[37] Bushnell, *Barbarism, the First Danger*, 18, 26.

inable Fugitive Slave Law that I will not do," he confided to one close friend, "no, not even to save the Union. I could cheerfully die to save it; but chase a fugitive or withhold my sympathy and aid from a fugitive from slavery!—may God grant me grace never to do the damning sin of such obedience! Nay, I will go farther. The first duty I owe to civil government is to violate and spurn such a law. . . ."[38] "Such a law was not fit to be passed," he asserted later. "It never can be enforced."[39]

The Fugitive Slave Law was a minor irritation compared to the concern he felt for Kansas. Indeed, the threat of slavery in this disputed territory evoked some of his strongest denunciations.[40] He viewed the bleeding state from California where he was recuperating from a long illness and declared, "I am sometimes half a mind to be sick in spite of the healing, so dismal is the moral picture of the new world. [The news from Kansas] tore my heart."[41] In another letter on the same theme he wrote:

I am glad to see your heart is so deeply alive, and your hands so earnestly engaged, in the cause of the poor Kansas people. If I had a son, there is no cause in which I would more willingly see him die than in theirs. One thing more: the fight must never be given up; we must take it as now begun, and only begun. On we must go, working, reasoning, fighting as for life, till we conquer.[42]

In a major address the following year, Bushnell expressed relief at the turn events in Kansas had taken. Rejoicing over the vote of Kansas to be a free state, he exclaimed:

Human slavery is now doomed in the United States,—doomed, not by any philanthropic scheme of abolition, but doomed to feel a pressure on its border; to be crowded farther on and away by the

[38] Bushnell to Dr. Bartol, May 6, 1851. Quoted in Cheney, *Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell*, 247-248.

[39] Horace Bushnell, *The Census and Slavery* (Hartford, 1860), 22.

[40] See Horace Bushnell, *The Northern Iron* (Hartford, 1854).

[41] Bushnell to Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Collins, June 19, 1856. Quoted in Cheney, *Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell*, 381-382.

[42] Bushnell to Thomas Winshop, Nov. 18, 1856. Quoted in Cheney, *Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell*, 400.

press of freedom and its emigrations; so to give way, lose confidence, crumble in fatal demoralization, and finally be a fact forgot. And this year (Anno Domini 1857) is the year that marks the change. Come out, oh ye drooping ones, from your moanings over the money; come and see what God hath wrought! Make the day thanksgiving. Crown it with a hymn![43]

His thesis regarding the eventual extinction of the Negro which he had first advanced in 1839 was restated by the religious leader in another pamphlet on the eve of the Civil War, which he titled *The Census and Slavery*. Documenting his conclusions with references to the census of 1850, Bushnell points out that the nation's white population is increasing rapidly, that Northern industrial impetus is behind the expansion westward, that after the West is populated, the South will become the major area for migration.

After the wave of population has rolled across the first line of states, and floated slavery away, the same process, a census or two later, will reach the next tier south, and with the same result. All this, you observe, by an operation silent as the movements of the stars. No questions are raised, that shake the fabric of society.[44]

There is no way out for the South, according to Bushnell. If the Southern states stay in the Union and fall into poverty, as they claim they will, slavery is doomed; if they secede and thrive, as they hope to do, they put an end to it that way. "By this separation they propose to save and make sure the institution of slavery. They do not appear to observe that they are abolishing it themselves with inevitable certainty . . . by the increase of their census."[45]

For this reason he still is opposed to the principles and practices of the antislavery societies. He is sure that two centuries will pass before they can make any decided impression. He is aware that the "impetuous and fiery class of agitators will be

[43] Cheney, *Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell*, 411.

[44] Bushnell, *The Census and Slavery*, 9.

[45] Bushnell, *The Census and Slavery*, 10.

shocked" at his tame position but he does not intend to "strain the blood into my eyes, to push on causes that are going with a momentum of their own."[46] It is evident from his other writings that Bushnell looks forward with relief to this eventual extinction of Negroes within the bounds of the United States. "Thenceforth we are a homogeneous universally free people, a solid and compact nation, such as God will have us."[47]

It must be borne in mind that Horace Bushnell's opposition to slavery is not founded on any belief in the innate equality of all men. In a curious volume of collected essays,[48] the New England divine included a chapter called "Of Distinctions of Color" in which he expressed his views of the Negro race. In this work he remarks:

> What shall we say of these quadruman people? We encounter no little disadvantage in the fact that we know them to be, physically speaking, animals, and nothing else. . . . Call them, after that, by what name we please. . . . They are not physiologically descended from the stock of Adam. But, if they were, it would not make them a whit more certainly human.[49]

The difference between white and black appears to Bushnell to be organic. "Our whole temperament is changed, our muscle is more wirey and capable of endurance, our brain is larger, our features sharper, our whole actions more subtle and mercurial, and our mark distinguishably higher in the tables of longevity—in short, we are no more the same people."[50] But perhaps even their inferiority is providential; perhaps it is "God's plan to finish this race last, and set them on the summit, when their day shall come."[51]

Horace Bushnell's stand on slavery was unique. Although his views do not fall into any convenient pattern in the slavery

[46] Bushnell, *The Census and Slavery*, 16.

[47] Horace Bushnell, *Reverses Needed* (Hartford, 1861), 26.

[48] Horace Bushnell, *Moral Uses of Dark Things* (Hartford, 1867).

[49] Bushnell, *Moral Uses of Dark Things*, 303.

[50] Bushnell, *Moral Uses of Dark Things*, 307.

[51] Bushnell, *Moral Uses of Dark Things*, 307-308.

argument, nevertheless his influence must be considered along with that of the Garrisons, the Welds, and the Theodore Parkers. In the 1830's he rebelled against the immorality of the institution; in the 1840's he expanded his opposition into attack; in the 1850's he was ready to sacrifice a son to destroy slavery; yet at the end of 1860 he did not realize the country was on the brink of war. Rejecting the extremes on both sides, he sought the shifting sands of the middle ground, holding onto two incompatible ideals. In his writings he helped instill a hatred of slavery; by his refusal to work and associate for its extinction he withdrew what might have been a moderating check upon his more radical contemporaries. Perhaps he is simply the symbol of the serious-minded nineteenth-century American of moderate importance and influence who contributed just as much as any fanatic to the debacle that struck America with the coming of the Civil War.

EDWARD TAYLOR: THE POET AS PURITAN

ROY HARVEY PEARCE

TODAY, some ten years after the discovery and publication of his *Poetical Works*, we know Edward Taylor to be incomparably the best of our colonial poets. Still, we have not been inclined to read him as a colonial poet—as a man whose work was informed by his Puritan culture, as a man whose vocation it was to set down God's Way with Man in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. We have not, that is to say, been much concerned with Taylor's work as a whole, with its very wholeness. Rather we have looked mainly at its surface—caught its metrical roughness, its syntactic complexity, its heterogeneity of materials, its extended conceits, its bold figures and antitheses—and have read Taylor as a baroque (or metaphysical) poet.[1] And herein, certainly, we have achieved something positive. We have been able to find a place for Taylor in that world of seventeenth-century letters—the world of a Herbert, a Quarles, and a Crashaw—which our critics and historians have mapped out for us. But there yet remain Taylor's own New England world and the substance, the wholeness, of a poetry which takes its immediate and particular life from that world. Taylor's poetry, if we take it in and for itself, is finally to be comprehended within its matrix in Taylor's Puritan culture.

The great bulk of Taylor's poetry consists in this: visions of the world of sinful men as it partakes of God and God's order. The attempt in the poems is not to study human experience of order in the world, but rather simply to show how and wherein that order exists. Thus Taylor is fond of discovering analogies of Biblical doctrine in his immediate and imagined sur-

[1] See especially Thomas Johnson, "Edward Taylor: A Puritan 'Sacred Poet,'" NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY, X (1937), 290-322; W. C. Brown, "Edward Taylor: American 'Metaphysical,'" *American Literature*, XVI (1944), 186-197; and Austin Warren, "Edward Taylor's Poetry: Colonial Baroque," *Kenyon Review*, III (1941), 355-371. Professor Warren's essay has recently been reprinted in his *Rage For Order* (Chicago, 1947), 1-18.

roundings; thus he is constrained everywhere to find an earthly counterpart—however poor and dim—of that which is ineffably holy. For him the problem is not one of demonstrating or dramatizing this equivalence, but of discovering it. For most certainly—and herein, as we shall see, Taylor is most a Puritan—he knows it is there.

This is the pattern in one of the simplest and best known of his poems, "Huswifery":

> Make me, O Lord, thy Spinning Wheele compleat;
> Thy Holy Worde my Distaff make for mee.
> Make mine Affections thy Swift Flyers neate,
> And make my Soule thy holy Spoole to bee.
> My Conversation make to be on thy Reele,
> And reele the yarn thereon spun of thy Wheele.
>
> Make me thy Loome then, knit therein this Twine:
> And make thy Holy Spirit, Lord, winde quills:
> Then weave the Web thyselfe. The yarn is fine.
> Thine Ordinances make my Fulling Mills.
> Then dy the same in Heavenly Colours Choice,
> All pinkt with Varnish't Flowers of Paradise.
>
> Then cloath therewith mine Understanding, Will,
> Affections, Judgment, Conscience, Memory;
> My Words and Actions, that their shine may fill
> My wayes with glory and thee glorify.
> Then mine apparell shall display before yee
> That I am Cloathed in Holy robes for glory.

The poet, his human attributes, and part of his immediate world are seen systematically and integrally to body forth God's way with man. In another poem ("Upon a Spider Catching a Fly") there is figured Satan tangling Adam's race. In another ("The Ebb and Flow") man's heart is seen first as a tinder box and then as a censer for the holy fire of God's spirit. In another (the first of Taylor's "Sacramental Meditations") God's love is set forth first logically as that which conjoins finity and infinity, then figuratively as that which overflows heaven

and fills the veins of men, and again figuratively as a fire which overflows the heart and enflames the soul. In another ("Meditation Nineteen") night and day figure death and eternal life:

> Looke till thy Looks look wan, my Soule; here's ground
> The Worlds bright Eye's dash't out: Day-Light so brave
> Benighted; the sparkling sun, palde round
> With flouring Rayes, lies buri'de in its grave;
> The Candle of the World blown out, down fell
> Life knockd ahead by Death: Heaven by Hell.

And in yet another ("Meditation Thirty") man's body is a ruined palace, a branch lopped off when greenest, and a suit of armor to be fashioned by his Lord. The images in the poems are as varied as Taylor's world, and ultimately as unified. For Taylor, as for John Cotton before him, the world itself is to be looked upon but as "a mappe and shaddow of the spirituall estate of the soules of men."[2]

Taylor's achievement in such lyrics as these is explicitly one of discovery, most often the discovery of God-informed unity in man's experience in and of his world. Whatever struggle is involved in making such a discovery, however, is not in the poem; it is external, anterior to the poem. For the poet seems assured always that analogies and evidences of God's order are everywhere around him and are to be discovered if only he can bring himself, with God's Grace, to the point of discovery. At his best, the poet registers such analogies and evidences with clarity and precision. The emotional quality of his poems derives from the excitement at the degree of clarity and precision, and focuses directly on those analogies and evidences. What is primary in the poems is not the poet's experience—the poet as man speaking to men—but rather the meaning and understanding—the discovery—which is the end of that experience.

For all his concern with cosmic *discordia concors*, paradox interests Taylor little. Trained in our time on the paradoxes

[2] Quoted by Perry Miller, *The New England Mind: The Seventeenth Century* (New York, 1939), 212.

of metaphysical and baroque poetry, we would perhaps give them much more importance than does Taylor. For his world cannot be paradoxical. Dealing with paradox only casually, he appears to dismiss it with ease; he never really treats it as something to be capitalized on, something to be dramatized. Thus there is apparent paradox in "Meditation Six":

> Am I thy Gold? Or Purse, Lord, for thy Wealth:
> Whether in mine or mint refinde for thee?
> I me counted so, but count me o're thyselfe,
> Lest gold washt face, and brass in Heart I bee.
> I Feare my Touchstone touches when I try
> Mee, and my Counted Gold too overly.
>
> Am I new minted by the Stamp indeed?
> Mine Eyes are dim; I cannot clearly see.
> Be thou my Spectacles that I may read
> Thine Image and Inscription stampt on mee.
> If thy bright Image do upon me stand,
> I am a Golden Angell in thy hand.
>
> Lord, make my Soule thy Plate: thine Image bright
> Within the Circle of the same enfoile.
> And on its brims in golden Letters write
> Thy Superscription in an Holy style.
> Then I shall be thy Money, thou my Hord:
> Let me thy Angell bee, bee thou my Lord.

Hoping to be God's Angel (the pun, of course, is on the name of a seventeenth-century coin), man discovers that God is his only miner and minter, his only maker. Yet God is also the sole means ("my Spectacles") by which man looks at his coined self. There is something of a paradox, to be sure, in the notion of coiner-spectacles, of maker-means. Nevertheless, the notion is neither neatly antithesized nor forcibly dramatized. We are not, then, to feel it as a paradox, resulting from man's limited vision of his world; for, as the poem develops, it occurs only as part of Taylor's attempt to discover precisely how this aspect (the coiner-spectacles relationship) of his world contains in it-

self a vision of God's ordering this world and making it meaningful in terms of general religious experience (the maker-means relationship). And Taylor takes in his stride, hardly notices, what we and poets less secure in their faith might call a paradox. In point of fact, Taylor discovers the same quality of order here as he does in "Huswifery." (The danger is that we will make this slight paradox into something larger by substituting our logic for the logic of the poem.) The positive achievement in both this Meditation and in "Huswifery" lies in the adequacy and precision of poetic images to the task of communicating to us the quality of a wholly meaningful, wholly ordered world.

And so it is in *Gods Determinations Touching His Elect*, Taylor's late morality play. Actually, *Gods Determinations* is a series of dialogues which have little or no dramatic effect. If in the debate over the fate of Man, Christ, Satan, Mercy, Justice, and the Soul are made to speak as individuals, there is yet no conflict, no tension, set up between one individuality and another. Mainly, Taylor would show how each figure can be seen analogically in human terms; this is another way of discovering God and God's order in the world the poet knows. Taylor's characteristic poetic method here is identical with the method of the lyrics.

Gods Determinations is prefaced, in fact, by two typical lyrics, one of which begins:

> Infinity, when all things it beheld,
> In Nothing, and of Nothing all did build,
> Upon what Base was fixt the Lath, wherein
> He turn'd this Globe, and riggalld it so trim?
> Who blew the Bellows of his Furnace Vast?
> Or held the Mould wherein the world was Cast?
> Who laid its Corner Stone? Or whose Command?
> Where stand the Pillars upon which it stands?
> Who Lac'de and Fillitted the earth so fine,
> With Rivers like green Ribbons Smaragdine?
> Who made the Sea's its Selvedge, and it locks'

Like a Quilt Ball within a Silver Box?
Who Spread its Canopy? Or Curtains Spun?
Who in this Bowling Alley bowld the Sun?
Who made it always when it rises set:
To go at once both down, and up to get?
Who th' Curtain rods made for this Tapistry?
Who hung the twinckling Lanthorns in the Sky?
Who? who did this? or who is he? Why, know
It's onely Might Almighty this did doe.

From such a lyric and in such a pattern the morality proper develops. The opening section describes "The Effects of Mans Apostasy." Typically, Taylor is ill at ease with direct, realistically factual description of man's estate; and so, Man's Body is a Fort of Life attacked by Sin and his "Volunteer" Griefs. Hard upon this, in describing Man's behavior in face of the attack on his Fort, Taylor moves from an objective presentation of the situation to another image:

Then like a Child that fears the Poker Clapp
Him on his face doth on his Mothers lap
Doth hold his breath, lies still for fear least hee
Should by his breathing lowd discover'd bee.

There follows the legalistic debate of Justice and Mercy over Man's fate. The two argue as two real persons; they are thus humanized, but only to make their abstract, literally spiritual appeals and arguments discoverable for men, not to show any interpersonal dramatic quality. Mercy wins out. And the narrative proceeds as "Gods Selecting Love" sends a Coach of Grace to Man:

A Royall Coach whose scarlet Canopy
O're silver Pillars, doth expanded ly:
All bottomed with purest gold refin'de,
And inside, o're with lovely Love all lin'de.
Which Coach indeed you may exactly spy
All mankinde splits in a Dichotomy.

According to the pattern of selection, the "Dichotomy," the rest of the poem develops. The elements of the narrative proper are treated separately and analytically, without dramatic continuity. The poem becomes a series of set pieces.

Man, become Mankind, will not accept the ride on the Coach of Grace to God's "mighty sumptuous" repast. Mercy and Justice, angered, must run Mankind down. And Mankind divides into ranks—according, in Puritan theology, to states of regeneration. For the greater part, the rest of the poem is made up of speeches of the Lost Soul (Mankind), of Satan (who is a logic-chopper), of Christ (who addresses the lost Soul as a father addresses his child), and of a Saint (a success in this life, who is sanguine in his election). The Lost Soul is made regenerate through the counsel of the Saint. And finally, in the last seven sections of the poem, all men, elect or not, express the glory that is in their own suffering and in God's divine sufficiency. Here the Soul of Mankind in the last lyric sings of "The Joy of Church Fellowship rightly attended":

> In Heaven soaring up, I dropt an Eare
> On Earth: and oh! sweet Melody!
> And listening, found it was the Saints who were
> Encoacht for Heaven that sang for Joy.
> For in Christs Coach they sweetly sing,
> As they to Glory ride therein.

Everywhere in *Gods Determinations* meaning is discovered as elements of earthly experience are found to be analogues of spiritual experience. Taylor's achievement here as elsewhere lies in the fullness and richness of the analogues he discovers for us. Realization of that fullness and richness is, in a way, realization of Taylor's God—realization, that is to say, of the God of Taylor's poetry. Properly speaking, there is no drama, no dialectic, in *Gods Determinations*. There is just discovered evidence, felt to be ready-made, God-made, logically primary and self-explanatory, there for the discovering. This is the way in all of Taylor's poetry.

This is the way, too, in our Puritan poetry in general, in the implicit esthetic of that poetry, and in Puritan cultural theory and practice.[3] Indeed, with the work of intellectual, social, and literary historians in our time, we can begin to comprehend, to locate historically, Taylor's poetry in its context of New England poetry and New England poetics, and these in turn in their context of New England culture. For the Puritan, poetry could not be an end in itself; it was a means to the universal end of Puritan culture—the Glory of God. And there were for the Puritan, certainly, better, more direct means to this end. Not until the later eighteenth century are there in Puritan writing significant evidences of concern with matters of expression and technique, with specifically human meaningfulness in poetry. In Taylor's time (the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries) the old Puritan way still held on. For, as Kenneth Murdock has said:

> The Puritan was not hostile to art, but he was relatively indifferent to it. Poetry, music, fine prose, painting, architecture—all these were well enough in their way, but for him, higher than any other reward was the beauty of holiness, the reward of a patient search for God's will and a diligent effort to perform it unflaggingly and with self-forgetful sacrifice. This attitude thrusts the arts into the realm of pastimes, and the Puritan's adventure with God was so thrilling, and, to him, so beautiful, that there were few hours left for pastime.[4]

An artist—a poet—might discover God's will evidenced in the world about him. He would record his discovery, perhaps. And he would proceed to live according to that will, to discover it elsewhere, not to estimate its human significance.

[3] I refer here principally to Samuel Eliot Morison's *Puritan Pronaos* (New York, 1936), Perry Miller's *Orthodoxy in Massachusetts* (Cambridge, 1933) and his *New England Mind* (New York, 1939), Herbert Schneider's *Puritan Mind* (New York, 1930), the anthology, *The Puritans*, Perry Miller and Thomas Johnson, editors (Cincinnati, 1938), and Babette Levy's *Preaching in the First Half Century of New England History* (Hartford, 1945). My indebtedness to all of these studies is general but nonetheless explicit.

[4] "Introduction," *Handkerchiefs from Paul* (Cambridge, 1927), lxvii-lxviii.

So the great bulk of Puritan poetry that is being exhumed and edited in our time is of a piece with a strenuously, self-consciously orthodox Puritan culture. That poetry might be a "practical" poetry, a poetry which consists of things-to-be-remembered versified that they might be the more easily remembered—verses ranging from the *Bay Psalm Book,* through elegies on the deaths of pious persons, to records of remarkable providences. Or it might be (from our point of view) a "purer" poetry, verses directly involved in praising God—verses ranging from Mistress Bradstreet's imitations of Du Bartas through the work of Wigglesworth, Fiske, and Colman, to the lyrics and morality play of Taylor. Yet everywhere that poetry rises immediately from what I have termed the need for discovering God in His world. Thus there is in this mid-seventeenth-century anagrammatic poem (one of many such) something of both the "practical" and the "pure" kinds of Puritan poetry:

Thomas Dudley
ah! old, must dye

A deaths head on your hand you neede not weare
a dying head you on your shoulders beare
you need not one to minde you, you must dye
you in your name may spell mortalitye
younge men may dye, but old men these dye must
t'will not be long before you turne to dust.
before you turne to dust! ah! must; old! dye!
what shall younge doe, when old in dust doe lye?
when old in dust lye, what N. England doe?
when old in dust doe lye, it's best dye too.[5]

Here, in a poem sent as a memento to Dudley, evidence of Death-in-Life is discovered, quite seriously, in the very name of the recipient. The anagram of this sort was one of the most popular of Puritan verse forms, precisely because it gave the poet a direct and simple means of discovering God's order and His rule, even in the name of one of His Chosen People. From

[5] H. S. Jantz, editor, *The First Century of New England Verse* (Worcester, 1944), 34.

the time of the anonymous writer of the Dudley anagram to the time of Taylor, from the early part of the seventeenth century to the early part of the eighteenth, the nature and function of Puritan poetry are fundamentally unchanged.

That poetry reflects fully the essential forms of Puritan culture. Such forms, as we now know well, came early to be reactionary, orthodox, and static. However much the men who colonized Massachusetts shared in the beginnings of the Puritan movement in England, they shared little of the tendency towards religious liberalism and toleration which marks the later history of that movement. For Massachusetts Puritans, bent on establishing a Holy Commonwealth in New England, the Bible and the scholarly minds of the Elect were enough to guide all men in all things. The effective application of political and moral truth was not so much a matter of allowing for modification of social and political forms by changing social and economic patterns, of experimentation, of admitting the possibility of one's being wrong, as it was of forcing others to accept the Puritan way, once it had been searched out by the best, most illumined minds. Hence there is to be noted in Puritan sermons, Puritan social treatises, and Puritan histories the tendency not to add up the evidence, but rather to show how the evidence merely supports an answer available already in the Word of God. And so, a man was simply to find his place in God's scheme of things—and to find that place at once sinful and beautiful. Should a man venture to break with the scheme, he would have to break with the intense orthodoxy, the whole principle of integration, of his culture. Few men broke; some men must have been broken. Many men adjusted themselves, however unconsciously, and found happiness in discovering that they were so adjusted. Puritan sermons, histories, and treatises on the good life, as they are being examined and given to us in our time, testify eloquently to the richness and happiness in that discovery. So, too, does the poetry of Taylor and his fellows.

Finally, that poetry reflects in its nature and function the

very logic of orthodox New England culture, the logic of Peter Ramus—Platonic, unitive, realistic (in the technical sense), its key term being "invention"—the "coming upon," the "laying open to view," that which was real. The tendency of Ramist logic was virtually to make the word one with the thing, to consider an idea—simple or complex—as an "argument" for the existence of that which it represented, and so to abolish the abstract categories of Aristotelian logic and to give the syllogism only secondary importance. Truth, thus, was not to be deduced, but rather to be "invented" and expressed in self-evident axioms—axioms self-evident because developed from primary observation and judgment. As Perry Miller writes, "The essence of the Ramist system was [the] belief that logic is no more than the distinguishing of entities and the joining of them together, that the function of thinking is primarily discerning and disposing, not investigating or deducing."[6] The form of logic reproduced the order of the created world as man could know it, because the form of logic was developed by observing that very order of God's creatures and God's world which was its original. As the (English) Puritan divine, Alexander Richardson, pointed out, all "arts" (i.e., branches of human learning) had been developed by such observation and judgment of creatures and world; and at the center of the arts was logic, the "art of reason":

> . . . in this respect is this Art of reason called Invention, namely as [man] is sent by God to find out these things [the arts in general] in his creatures; now if man must find them out with this act of his eye of reason, then is it fitly called invention. . . . And this teacheth thus much, that he is to seek out, and find this wisdom of God in the world, and not to be idle; for the world, and the creatures therein are like a book wherein Gods wisdom is written, and there must we seek it out.[7]

Operating from such a position, reading the book of the world along with the Bible (the two were most certainly complemen-

[6] *The New England Mind*, 134.

[7] Quoted in *The New England Mind*, 162

tary, integrated works of God), the Cambridge- or Harvard-trained Puritan might work out the pattern of his culture. It was a logical pattern, a static pattern—there for the observing and judging, there for the discovery.

And this logical pattern of Puritan culture is clearly the logical pattern of Puritan poetry. Recently, in this connection, Rosemund Tuve has shown (in her *Elizabethan and Metaphysical Imagery*) how literally logical is the language and imagery of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century poetry and how the special quality of much seventeenth-century poetry in particular is to be understood historically as that poetry comes under the impress of Ramist logic. For us what Miss Tuve's work comes to is this: that English poets in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were concerned with a reality which was necessarily "intelligible" but not necessarily "visible"; that this poetry was thus "logical" and was thus concerned with an immanent principle of meaning in human experience; that training in Ramist logic, especially in the seventeenth century, pushed these tendencies to an extreme, as that logic broke free from the principles of abstract deduction, made dialectics one with poetics, and pictured the world as one in which a fixed, concretely embodied logical scheme could be observed. Thus, in Miss Tuve's words, "a poem . . . has but to examine and state . . . in order to argue the truth or advisability of something."[8] Or, more generally, in Mr. Miller's words: "Ideally, all good judgments—sermons, reflections, poems—ought to be . . . a series of self-evident axioms, arranged in artistic sequence."[9] Now, as we must remember, Ramus was the "official" logician in theocratic, insular New England as he could never have been in Old England. And (implicit) Ramist poetics—a poetics of discovery, of examining and stating, of coming upon, of laying open to view—was in effect New England poetics. Puritan poetry here is an extreme case. But Puritan culture, in all its high orthodoxy, was an extreme culture.

[8] *Elizabethan and Metaphysical Imagery* (Chicago, 1947), 342.

[9] *The New England Mind*, 133.

It is the very fact that Puritan culture was thus extreme that makes Edward Taylor so much the poet as Puritan. The neatness of the case makes one suspicious, as it should. The suspicion is allayed only when one concludes that the neatness of the case stems ultimately from the neatness, the high orthodoxy, the oppressively self-conscious ordering and integration, of Puritan culture itself. That culture, indeed, cut Taylor down (or should one say, built Taylor up?) to its size. However adequate that culture might have been for major religious experience, it was yet inadequate for major poetry; for it allowed for little play of the individual will—in the last analysis, for little real human drama. Even in the best of Taylor's poetry the value put on specifically human experience is minimal; he concerns himself with just so much human experience as will make communication possible. It is the meaning of the God-ordered world, of God Himself, which is important, not the fact that a man faces that meaning. Taylor sees the man-made wonders of the visible world as little when compared to natural wonders and as nothing when compared to God:

> Nature doth better work than Art, yet thine
> Out vie both works of nature and of Art.[10]

Art is a human product and as such is lowest in the scale of being. Taylor, we recall, felt his own Art to be so low, so much humanly limited, that he gave orders that his heirs should publish none of his writings.

All this we must understand if we are fully to realize the special quality of Taylor's poetry. Certainly we may grant his achievement simply by reading that poetry; yet in order to comprehend it we must see it in its special Puritan milieu. For Taylor, as Puritan poet, the end of the poem is the thing. Whereas for us—and I think properly—the thing is the act of the poem, the poem as composed and communicating. What we see everywhere in Taylor's work is that the end of the poem inhibits the act of composition, and ultimately the act of the poem itself.

[10] "Meditation Fifty-Six. Second Series."

Here, for example, in one of his freshest, most imaginative poems, "Meditation Eight" (on a text from John: "I am the living bread."), there is notably present the kind of disparate, centrifugal improvisation which is to be remarked in most of Taylor's poetry:

I kenning through Astronomy Divine
The Worlds bright Battlement, wherein I spy
A Golden Path my Pensill cannot line
From that bright Throne unto my Threshold ly.
And while my puzzled thoughts about it pore,
I find the Bread of Life in't at my doore.

When that this Bird of Paradise put in
This Wicker Cage (my Corps) to tweedle praise
Had peckt the Fruite forbid: and so did fling
Away its Food, and lost its golden dayes,
It fell into Celestiall Famine sore,
And never could attain a morsell more.

Alas! alas! Poore Bird, what wilt thou doe?
This Creatures field no food for Souls e're gave:
And if thou knock at Angells dores, they show
An Empty Barrell: they no soul bread have.
Alas! Poore Bird, the Worlds White Loafe is done,
And cannot yield thee here the smallest Crumb.

In this sad state, Gods Tender Bowells run
Out streams of Grace: And he to end all strife,
The Purest Wheate in Heaven, his deare-dear Son
Grinds, and kneads up into this Bread of Life:
Which Bread of Life from Heaven down came and stands
Disht in thy Table up by Angells Hands.

Did God mould up this Bread in Heaven, and bake,
Which from his Table came, and to thine goeth?
Doth he bespeake thee thus: This Soule Bread take;
Come, Eate thy fill of this, thy Gods White Loafe?
Its Food too fine for Angells; yet come, take
And Eate thy fill! Its Heavens Sugar Cake.

What Grace is this knead in this Loafe? This thing
Souls are but petty things it to admire.
Yee Angells, help: This fill would to the brim
Heav'ns whelm'd-down Chrystall meele Bowle, yea and higher.
This Bread of Life dropt in thy mouth doth Cry:
Eate, Eate me, Soul, and thou shalt never dy.

Taylor gets to his central image ("the living bread") awkwardly, then drops it as he takes up the caged-bird image to get further perspective. The bird is the soul; the cage, the body. With this bird-soul image, Taylor is able to get back to his central image in the third stanza and carry it out to the end, dropping the bird image entirely, breaking the continuity only with the (to our taste) overdone picture of God's tender bowels (i.e., "heart") running out streams of Grace. The shifting preliminary images have no function except as they enable Taylor to get to his central image. They are means to an end; he knows the end so well, the central image embodies it so well, that he seems not to concern himself with means. Further, the poem is marked by language which does nothing but fill in or set rimes (stanza 1, line 5, and stanza 3, line 4, for example); the order of "This thing/Souls are but petty things it to admire" is typically crude; and the metrics are awkward, however informal. But we may see such things everywhere in Taylor's poetry: Images, in all their expressiveness, move and are moved incoherently; word order and syntax are confused and confusing; mere fillers abound; and rime and rhythm are next to non-existent. For Taylor technique is little or nothing.

One is brought back to

> Nature doth better work than Art, yet thine
> Out vie both works of nature and of Art.

As the complexities of specifically human experience come to little as subjects of Taylor's poetry, so the complexities of a reader's experience appear to have come to little as a problem in Taylor's composing. He seems to have written what he knew

with as much eloquence as possible; but he seems equally to have been confident that that eloquence lay immanent in what he knew, not in the telling of it—in the object of discovery, not in the drama of discovering that object. His achievement is in his rendering the quality of the discovered object, of God's order in His world, with such precision and power as only such confidence in that order could make possible. Reading Taylor's poetry, we read his Puritanism.

BACKGROUNDS OF LOWELL'S SATIRE IN "THE BIGLOW PAPERS"

ARTHUR VOSS

AS is the case with all political satire, the more one knows about the circumstances and events which evoked James Russell Lowell's satire in *The Biglow Papers,* the better he can understand and appreciate it. Although Lowell embedded his Yankee dialect verses in a prose commentary and provided the reader with historical notes, these aids afford either insufficient information or none at all concerning certain of the backgrounds of the work. This essay attempts, therefore, to throw additional light, where it seems to be needed, on the objects of Lowell's satire, to the end that the reader may better perceive Lowell's method and intention as a political satirist.[1]

I

The Yankee dialect poems which Lowell published at intervals between 1846 and 1848, and which he issued in collected form in 1848 as the first series of *The Biglow Papers,* are concerned mainly with incidents and events connected with slavery and the Mexican War. In May of 1846, Governor Briggs of Massachusetts, having received a requisition for Mexican War volunteers from the Secretary of War, issued a proclamation calling on patriotic citizens to raise a regiment consisting of ten companies, or a total of 770 men and eight officers.[2] Edward Webster, a son of Daniel Webster, raised a company in Boston, and it was the sight of Webster's recruiting officer that moved Lowell to create Hosea Biglow to denounce the war.[3]

[1] No previous study has amplified to any extent what has been generally known about the backgrounds of Lowell's satire. Two excellent general studies of *The Biglow Papers* are to be found in Jennette Tandy, *Crackerbox Philosophers in American Humor and Satire* (New York, 1925), 43-64, and Walter Blair, *Native American Humor, 1800-1900* (New York, 1937), 38-62.

[2] Printed in the Boston *Daily Advertiser,* May 27, 1846.

[3] According to F. H. Underwood, Lowell, while talking to some friends in a law office in Court Square a few days before Hosea's verses were published, made

In the first "Biglow Paper," Hosea, in the manner of the traditional comic Yankee, comes to town and reports on what he sees. But his denunciation of the "creutin' Sarjunt" who has tried to enlist him reveals that Hosea is no ordinary rustic. War is murder and un-Christian, he declares, and furthermore anyone possessing Yankee astuteness like himself would not be taken in by the sound of drum and fife and by the cry that the "area of freedom" was being extended, but would perceive that the purpose of the war was to extend slavery and thereby enable the South further to affront and to dominate the North. Appealing to moral principle and more particularly to sectional prejudice, Hosea voices all the extreme abolitionist arguments which were directed against the war. Whether Lowell agreed entirely with Hosea is at least questionable. He made Hosea advocate disunion although he said privately that he was opposed to it.[4] And Hosea would have spoken less violently, one suspects, had Lowell not been writing anonymously. What he admitted concerning an earlier antislavery poem, the equally militant "Rallying Cry for New England against the Annexation of Texas, by a Yankee" (1844), is worth noting here because it also describes, in all likelihood, Lowell's attitude and intention in composing this first "Biglow Paper":

> Had I entirely approved either the spirit or the execution of these verses I had put my name to them. But they were written in great haste, and for a particular object, and I used therefore such arguments as I thought would influence the mass of my readers, viz., a swinging ballad metre, some sectional prejudice and vanity, some denunciation, some scriptural allusions and no cant.[5]

Lowell's second paper, published in the Boston *Courier* a little more than a year after Hosea's first verses appeared in

some "caustic" remarks when he happened to see the recruiting sergeant pass by. *Recollections and Appreciations of James Russell Lowell* (Boston, 1893), 30-31.

[4] C. E. Norton, editor, *Letters of James Russell Lowell* (Cambridge, 1904), I, 173, 212.

[5] A note appended by Lowell to a letter from Maria Lowell to Edward M. Davis, June 12, 1844, in Anna D. Hallowell, "An Episode in the Life of James Russell Lowell," *Harper's Weekly*, XXXVI (April 23, 1892), 393.

the same newspaper, purports to be a letter, put into verse by Hosea, from a young private in the Massachusetts Volunteers named Birdofredum Sawin.[6] Back in Boston the marching to drums and the patriotic speeches in Fanueil Hall had made Birdofredum "a little mite hystericky," but his experiences in Mexico have disillusioned him. An admirer of *The Biglow Papers,* writing many years after the publication of Sawin's letter, declared that "a faded and travel-stained journal of a relative who was a private in Birdofredum's regiment attests the substantial truthfulness of Mr. Lowell's imaginative description."[7] That Lowell's satirical portrait of Sawin was by no means entirely imaginative is indicated by a letter from a disgruntled member of Company B of the Massachusetts Volunteers, published in the *Courier* not long before Sawin's letter appeared. He wrote:

I am heartily sick of the life of a soldier. Our situation here in garrison is much better than it would be if we were on the march, but still I do not at all relish it. My visions of glory, and honor, etc., have all disappeared, and in place of them I see nothing but the stern realities of salt pork and hard biscuit, hunger, thirst, fatigue, and the diseases incident to men from the northern states, living in a tropical climate. I have much to say respecting the treatment we have received, and many other things connected with the company, but I understand that letters coming from the seat of war are opened and read by the Post-office Department, and if I was to give free utterance to my indignation, I might be subjected to a trial by court martial. When once free from my present situation, I will let

[6] In the meantime the Massachusetts regiment had been recruited, but not without considerable difficulty. "They are enrolled and arrayed," editorialized the Boston *Recorder* of January 28, 1847, remarking also that many persons had doubted that the quota could be raised. According to the *Recorder* of February 4, 1847, only five companies had been mustered into service. The other companies had 58 to 95 men on the rolls but the captains had not been able to collect 74 men in each company in order to have them mustered in. The regiment sailed for New Orleans late in February and by the middle of April was stationed at Matamoras on the south bank of the Rio Grande, where Caleb Cushing, its colonel, took command of the post. The regiment reached Mexico City eventually but apparently was never tried in battle.

[7] J. H. Gilmore, "The Biglow Papers," *The Chatauquan,* XXIII (April, 1896), 21.

you know how we have been deceived. I never thought that in assuming the garment of a soldier, I should be obliged to forget that I was born with the feelings of a man. Such is the case. I wish this cursed war would end, and that I and every one here could go to our homes.[8]

In its general substance Sawin's account closely resembles this letter. His visions of honor and glory have also disappeared, and he too has found that soldier's fare, vermin, and disease are "the stern realities."[9] But unlike the real volunteer, Sawin has no compunctions about freely uttering *his* indignation. He has learned that war is murder, that the Mexicans whom he previously held in contempt are human beings like himself, and that the appeals of the jingoistic orators to the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race and the necessity of extending its supremacy were blinds to conceal unjustifiable aggression against a weaker nation.

There is a satirical reference in Birdofredum's letter to Caleb Cushing, prominent Massachusetts politician and commander of the Massachusetts Volunteers, and in the next paper, "What Mr. Robinson Thinks," Cushing is one of the chief objects of Lowell's satire.[10] At their convention in Worcester on September 22, 1847, the Democrats named Cushing, who was still in Mexico, as their candidate for governor. The Whig

[8] This letter was reprinted in part in the Boston *Recorder*, June 3, 1847.

[9] The Boston newspapers provided a wealth of information about the activities of the regiment and conditions in Mexico, and Lowell must certainly have drawn on them for a number of the details he included in Sawin's picture of Mexico. Newspaper reports, like that in the *Recorder* (July 29, 1847), which stated that several Massachusetts volunteers were killed by Mexican robbers when they strayed away from their post, may have suggested Sawin's remark that,

> You see a feller peekin' out, an' fust you know a lariat
> Is round your throat an' you a copse, 'fore you can say,
> "wut air ye at?"

[10] Whether it was a slur cast on him by some of his disaffected soldiers or whether it was the truth, the rumor had got back to Boston that Cushing, who was a strict disciplinarian, had not applied his orders to himself. This aspersion on Cushing's character was made much of by his enemies, and Lowell gave it added currency by making Sawin say, "Caleb haint no monopoly to court the seenoreetas." See C. M. Fuess, *The Life of Caleb Cushing* (New York, 1923), II, 47, 71.

convention meeting in Springfield a week later renominated Governor Briggs, who was to achieve reëlection, and put itself on record as opposing the addition of Mexican territory to the Union. One of the delegates, John P. Robinson, soon after in a public letter announced that he would vote for Cushing, basing his decision on the chief argument of the Democrats, that every good citizen should support his country.

Lowell, after making Hosea express mock consternation because of Robinson's decision, made capital of the fact that Cushing had once been a Whig:

> Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
> He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
> But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
> He's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet is himself.

This was undoubtedly effective campaign propaganda, but it was, at least according to Cushing's biographer, clearly unjust to Cushing.[11]

Lowell's satire provoked a response from the Boston *Morning Post*, to which Lowell replied in the *Courier* with a letter signed by Parson Wilbur, Hosea's fictitious literary mentor, denying the *Post's* accusation that Lowell was Hosea Biglow, and defending Hosea's verses against the *Post's* charges of strong speech and lack of patriotism.[12] He also denied that he was a Whig, as the *Post* had claimed, and he castigated the Whigs for going back on their antiwar and antislavery resolutions. He did so again in a much more telling fashion in his next paper, "Remarks of Increase D. O'Phace, Esquire, at an Extrumpery Caucus in State Street," in which a hypocritical Whig flouts the resolutions of the recent Whig convention.

This paper was evoked by the furor which resulted when John G. Palfrey, a member of the National House of Representatives, voted against R. C. Winthrop, another Boston member, who was the Whig candidate for Speaker. Palfrey, a "Conscience" Whig and abolitionist, had addressed a letter to Win-

[11] Fuess, *Caleb Cushing*, II, 68.

[12] Printed with "What Mr. Robinson Thinks" in the collected edition.

throp asking if he would make committee appointments which would further the aims of the abolitionists, to which Winthrop replied that he could make no pledges of any kind and could only stand on his record in Congress.[13] Increase, after pointing out that Palfrey should have realized that the Whig resolutions were merely humbug employed to influence public opinion, denounces Palfrey for daring to endanger New England's chances of having the Speakership. The Boston Whigs were most anxious to gain this honor, and it was taken for granted, as the Washington correspondent of the *Daily Advertiser* observed, that if the few Whigs who were absent from the caucus which nominated Winthrop understood their duty, a Whig victory would be assured.[14] But the Whigs had a bad scare, Winthrop being elected only after three ballots and by a scant majority of two. The joy and pride which the *Advertiser's* correspondent felt at the result was chilled when he thought of Palfrey's conduct. He could not trust himself to express his feelings or to repeat the remarks of good Whigs in Washington.[15] But to Lowell, Palfrey was the embodiment of what a representative of the people should be—a man motivated by principle instead of expediency—and in rising to Palfrey's defense he wrote a powerful indictment of all political humbuggery.

Lowell's next Yankee dialect poem, "The Debate in the Sennit," grew out of another occurrence in Washington which had more serious implications than the flareup over the Palfrey incident. In April of 1848, seventy-six Washington slaves made an unsuccessful attempt to escape from their masters in a ship chartered by a white man named Daniel Drayton.[16] Drayton and Sayres, the latter the captain of the vessel, were jailed, and that night and the next, April 18 and 19, a mob threatened to

[13] Palfrey's letter and Winthrop's reply were published December 5, 1847, in the Boston *Daily Advertiser*.

[14] December 8, 1847.

[15] December 9, 1847.

[16] Drayton's account of the attempted escape and his subsequent trial and imprisonment is in *Personal Memoir of Daniel Drayton* (Boston, 1853).

destroy the offices and press of the *National Era,* an abolitionist paper whose editor, Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, was rumored to have had a hand in the attempted escape.

Congress could not help being aware of all the furor going on under its nose, but probably no official notice of the incident would have been taken if certain abolitionist members had not seized upon it to agitate the question of slavery. John G. Palfrey read a resolution on April 20 asking that a House Committee be appointed to investigate the recent mob action, but after three days of debate, into which the slavery issue inevitably entered, the House voted to table the resolution. On the same day in the Senate, John P. Hale of New Hampshire introduced a bill relating to riots and unlawful assemblies in the District of Columbia, which provided that property destroyed by mobs should be paid for by the town or the county. The Southern senators rose to the challenge, and, in the words of the *Congressional Globe,* "a debate of a most exciting and personal character ensued."[17]

The Boston papers gave adequate summaries of the debate, but Lowell's version suggests little of what was actually said. Hale maintained that his bill was introduced solely to preserve property rights, but as the debate grew warmer he asserted that the Senate was the best place to fight the slavery issue. Calhoun replied that the bill was evidence that the crisis on the slave question, which he had foreseen a dozen years earlier, was now near at hand, and Foote of Mississippi, Jefferson Davis and other Southern senators attacked both the bill and Hale personally. Adjournment was finally voted, and at its next meeting the Senate refused to consider the measure further.

The speeches of some of the other senators provided better targets for satire than those of Calhoun, but Lowell no doubt made him the principal speaker because Calhoun, as he had pointed out in the debate, was looked upon as the chief defender of slavery. The other Southern senators do little more than echo Calhoun, and Lowell even added some speakers who did

[17] *Congressional Globe, First Session of the Thirtieth Congress, 1848,* 656. The debate is reported in full in the *Appendix* for 1847-1848, 500-510.

not take part in the debate, including Cass of Michigan and Atherton of New Hampshire, both of whom are represented as subservient to Southern interests. Lowell burlesqued Calhoun's claim that justice and the Constitution were on the side of the South, his extolling of the virtues of slavery, and his continual threatening that agitation for freedom for the slaves would bring about disunion; and to adapt his satire to "the ears of the groundlings" deliberately portrayed Calhoun as a base and petty politician.[18]

Although "The Pious Editor's Creed," Lowell's next paper, may be taken as a general indictment of those Northern newspaper editors who supported the Mexican War and slavery, it is likely that Lowell was satirizing in particular the editor of the Boston *Morning Post*. In the fourth stanza, the "pious editor" says he favors sending out "furrin missions" at nine thousand dollars per year, which appears to be a reference to Caleb Cushing, who was appointed minister to China in 1843 at this salary.[19] Lowell, as has been pointed out earlier, had good reason for making the *Post* the special object of his satire, and if this was his intention it would help explain why the "pious editor" is so hypocritical, self-seeking and corrupt, so much so, in fact, that he is almost too villainous for altogether effective satire.

One of the confessions of the "pious editor"—that he thought it was natural for a president to be a slave-holder—is the first of many references in Lowell's antislavery writing to General Zachary Taylor, the Mexican War hero who was later to be elected president. In a prose paper in the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*,[20] Lowell had ridiculed Taylor's practice of writing letters to all and sundry who wished to know his political views, and he returned to this theme in his next "Biglow Paper," entitled "Letter From a Candidate for the Presiden-

[18] See *Letters*, I, 179. Lowell also characterized Calhoun as a cunning and scheming politician in "An Imaginary Conversation," *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, May 18, 1848.

[19] See Fuess, *Caleb Cushing*, I, 409; II, 70.

[20] "Presidential Candidates," May 11, 1848.

cy, in Answer to Suttin Questions proposed by Mr. Hosea Biglow."

The most widely publicized expression of Taylor's stand during the summer before his election was his letter to J. S. Allison of Pennsylvania.[21] He evaded controversial issues by saying: "I confess, while I have great cardinal principles which will regulate my political life, I am not sufficiently familiar with all the minute details of political legislation to exert myself to carry out this or to defeat that political measure." He called himself a "Whig but not an ultra Whig," and he promised that he would carry out the will of the people on the tariff, currency, and public improvement; and no doubt with an eye toward those who had opposed the war, he rejoiced at the prospect of peace. Nowhere in his letter did he say anything specific about the question of slavery.

This and previous letters provided Lowell with abundant material to attack Taylor's candidacy, and Hosea's epitome of them is certainly one of Lowell's most skillful and penetrating performances. In the opening stanza the candidate calls himself a "straight-spoken kind o' creetur," but soon reveals himself to be just the opposite. He is against war in the abstract, but being in the Mexican War, the best course was to fight. He loves the North and South equally; he does not approve of giving pledges; and he is not for either party, but if the public wants him to be anything in particular he is "a kind o' peri-Wig." On the matter of slavery and its extension he is a model of evasion. The candidate concludes with a postscript intended for Hosea's private ear which is far more specific than anything he has said previously:

> Ef you git *me* inside the White House
> Your head with ile I'll kin' o' 'nint
> By gittin' *you* inside the Light-house
> Down to the eend o' Jaalam Pint.

Lowell took further hits at Taylor in the two "Biglow Pa-

[21] Written April 22, 1848. See O. O. Howard, *General Taylor* (New York, 1897), 306-309.

pers" which conclude the first series, both of which are letters from Birdofredum Sawin. Almost a year had elapsed since Sawin had described his early experiences in Mexico, and in the first letter he recounts what had happened to him during this time.[22] He had lost a leg, an arm, and an eye in the campaign; and since he is coming back home with neither rich spoils nor glory, he is convinced that the only thing left for him to do is to run for public office. His enumeration of his qualifications clearly suggests Taylor. In his second letter, Birdofredum, because he realizes the country is going through a crisis, decides to withdraw his candidacy. In making Sawin decide also to try to influence the outcome by advising all his friends to vote for Taylor, Lowell was satirizing Daniel Webster, who had attempted unsuccessfully to gain the Whig nomination. Lowell condemned not only the Whigs in this letter because they had cast off their old doctrines and principles to support Taylor, but also Webster because he had endorsed Taylor in a speech made on September 1, 1848, at the request of his Marshfield neighbors, who were disturbed at the Whig nomination of a Southerner who was a soldier and a slaveholder.[23] The abolitionists had hoped that Webster's increasing opposition to slavery would become great enough to bring him over to their side, and Lowell reflected their disappointment and anger by making Sawin echo Webster's half-hearted support of Taylor as the least objectionable candidate.

Soon after the appearance of this last letter of Sawin's, Lowell, encouraged by the fact that his dialect poems had been copied, imitated, and quoted in editorials and campaign documents, issued them in a collected edition, a first printing of

[22] Published in the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* with the following heading: "Another letter from Mr. Sawin in which the hero expresses a modest willingness to yield to the wishes of his countrymen and allow his name to be used in connection with the Presidency (The following was enclosed to us by Mr. Biglow who states that it was apparently 'wrote from Very Cruse.')"

[23] The lines on Webster's Marshfield speech are not in the original paper. They were added in the collected edition apparently for the purpose of pointing up the satire of Webster. Webster's speech is printed in *The Works of Daniel Webster* (Boston, 1851), II, 425-446.

1500 copies being sold in a week.[24] Lowell professed to be astonished at the success of verses which he had usually dashed off on the spur of the moment, but it is not difficult to account for their popular appeal. Lowell employed the Yankee dialect as a vehicle for humor and satire far more skillfully than earlier widely read humorists like Seba Smith and Thomas Chandler Haliburton. The seriousness of purpose and moral conviction implicit throughout his verses make them powerful indictments of war, slavery, and political expediency, although it must be admitted that, dealing with events and circumstances which aroused his indignation and writing anonymously, he was led at times to carry his satire beyond justifiable limits. Yet, especially when they are viewed in the light of their backgrounds, Hosea's masterful use of invective and irony in the first and third papers, the humor in the portrayal of the disillusioned Birdofredum, the manner in which the hypocritical pious editor and Increase D. O'Phace reveal themselves after the fashion of Burns's Holy Willie, and the skillful burlesque of Taylor's letters—all compel the reader to admit that Lowell possessed remarkable and varied talents as a satirist.

II

Fourteen years went by before Lowell wrote more Yankee dialect verses. During most of this time both inclination and circumstances kept him from writing on slavery or politics, but as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* (1857-1861) he contributed political essays to the magazine, and shortly after relinquishing his editorship to James T. Fields, he wrote the first of the eleven papers which make up the second series of *The Biglow Papers*. Entitled "Birdofredum Sawin, Esq., to Mr. Hosea Biglow," it appeared in the *Atlantic* for January, 1862.

[24] *Letters*, I, 198. In the collected edition, Lowell made numerous changes in spelling so that his representation of the Yankee dialect would be more consistent and authentic. To each of his dialect poems he added editorial comment by Parson Wilbur, part of which is made up of passages from essays he had written for the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*. He also included other editorial matter, including mock-press notices, an introduction, a glossary, and an index.

Sawin had spoken of being back home in his last letter in the first series, but from his lengthy account of what had happened to him down South since 1848, it appears that he had not returned to the North at all. It may be that Lowell slipped up here, but that Sawin should have become a domesticated Southerner after the Mexican War was necessary to Lowell's satirical purpose, and he could have assumed that few, if any, of his readers would remember Sawin's exact whereabouts at the end of the first series. On the surface, Sawin's letter is a humorous narrative, but it is full of deftly insinuated aspersions on Southern character and manners. His more or less casual remarks form a portrait of the Southerner as a half-civilized, whiskey-drinking, arrogant, selfish, and shiftless individual, whose living with a dependent race made him in great measure what he was. Lowell also burlesqued the South's claim that secession was legal by making Sawin, who has married a widow with a cotton plantation, apply it to his Northern wife, who has no hold upon him, he maintains, except what he adjudges to be legal; and there is ridicule in Sawin's references to the difficulties which the South encountered during the first year of secession in attempting to finance its administration and carry on the war.

Lowell's next paper, "Mason and Slidell: A Yankee Idyll," which vividly reflects Northern resentment over the outcome of the *Trent* Affair, appeared in the *Atlantic* for February,[25] and was followed by another letter from Sawin in the March *Atlantic*. It is a continuation of the ridicule of Southern character begun in Sawin's first epistle, with Lowell's attack being centered on the aristocratic pretensions of the South held up by J. D. B. DeBow and other Southern apologists as an important justification for secession. Sawin says:

[25] The reader who is interested in the backgrounds of this paper will find a detailed account of the *Trent* Affair in E. D. Adams, *Great Britain and the American Civil War* (London, 1925), I, 203-243. Adams quotes a stanza of the poem as illustrative of Northern sentiment. Lowell wrote the paper at the suggestion of Charles Eliot Norton. See Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe, editors, *Letters of Charles Eliot Norton* (Boston, 1913), II, 249-250.

> I've ben a-readin' in Debow ontil I've fairly gut
> So 'nlightened thet I'd full ez lives ha' ben a Dook
> ez nut.

During the year preceding the writing of Sawin's letter, *DeBow's Review* published four articles, any one of which might have evoked Lowell's satire. They called on history to show the incompatibility of the two sections of the country, making much of the claim that the South had been settled by "courtiers and gentlemen."[26]

There is considerable humor in the absurd arguments which Sawin advances and in the incongruous spectacle of his assuming aristocratic attributes, but there is also more than a little malice, as for example in Sawin's assertion that Southerners have the best blood not only of Europe but of Africa and Asia as well in their veins. The almost virulent animosity of Lowell's picture of the South in Sawin's two letters may perhaps be accounted for by an article on Lowell and his poetry published in *DeBow's Review* shortly before the war began. After asserting that New England was absolutely devoid of poets and poetry, it characterized Lowell as "a lawyer without a client; a politician without political principles; a poet without a heart; a pedant whose attainments are ridiculous; a satirist who never saw a point; a humorist who has never attained to the dignity of a witticism."[27]

In his second letter, Sawin had pointed out how the Confederate administration had glossed over the numerous difficulties under which it was laboring in its attempt to win independence. In his next paper, "A Message of Jeff Davis in Secret Session," published in the April *Atlantic*, Lowell treated this theme in more detail. In his inaugural address at Richmond on February 22, 1862, Davis admitted that the first year of the war had brought trials and difficulties, but these had

[26] "The Puritan and the Cavalier" (September, 1861), "Superiority of the Southern Races" (October and November, 1861), "The Conflict of the Northern and Southern Races" (October and November, 1861), "Southern Civilization" (January and February, 1862).

[27] "James Russell Lowell and his Writings," XXVIII (March, 1860), 276.

been expected and they had also brought benefits. The qualities of patriotism, determination and self-sacrifice had been cultivated; the blockade had made the South self-supporting and independent through the production of articles for domestic use instead of export, and, finally, the Confederacy had found satisfaction in waging the war without any outside help.[28] But Davis' notable ability as an orator could not conceal the fact that the South had suffered real reverses. Furthermore, he said nothing about future policy; he gave no hope that the blockade would be broken; and he proposed no plan of military action. All this became apparent to the North when his address was printed a few days later in the newspapers. The Boston *Daily Advertiser*, of which Lowell was a reader,[29] remarked in an editorial:

> It is difficult to see how any man could have presented a more cheerful view of affairs which have met with such disastrous reverses, or how anyone could have kept up a better show of confidence in the future, when it is absolutely certain that positive destruction is close at hand, and has even made very considerable progress already.[30]

All in all, according to the *Advertiser*, the speech was composed of "barefaced denials of well-known facts."

From the nature of the speech, then, and perhaps from editorial comments on it as well, Lowell must have taken his cue.[31] He burlesqued in galloping metre the dignified, elevated, and reassuring manner of Davis' utterances, dealing with almost everything Davis had said as well as with much that he had obviously omitted. To say, as one critic has done, that Lowell was "grossly unfair to Davis in portraying him as an

[28] See Dunbar Rowland, editor, *Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist. His Letters, Papers and Speeches* (Jackson, Mississippi, 1923), v, 198-203.

[29] See *Letters*, II, 129.

[30] February 27, 1862.

[31] Lowell may have also based his satire on a message which Davis delivered on February 25 to the Confederate Congress. The message was published in full on the first page of the *Advertiser*, March 1, 1862. See *Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist*, v, 203-206.

arch-hypocrite,"[32] is not to recognize that Lowell's primary intention was to expose as tellingly as he could what any intelligent and well-informed Northerner would perceive in reading Davis' address, namely, that many of his assertions were not in accord with the facts. In this lies the point of the burlesque.

Lowell had made Davis express the hope that the South could make use of sympathetic Democrats in the North and West,[33] and in his next paper, "Speech of Honorable Preserved Doe in Secret Caucus," in the May *Atlantic,* he caricatured such individuals in the person of a Democratic demagogue and party man. Although this satire appears on the surface to be merely one more denunciation of the familiar hypocritical and self-seeking party politician, Lowell almost certainly had a more specific purpose in mind in writing it.

When Sumter was fired on, the resulting enthusiasm for the preservation of the Union submerged partisan differences in Massachusetts and elsewhere in the North almost entirely. Political leaders in Massachusetts even went so far as to advocate the suspension of party organizations as a means of affording the government full coöperation during the crisis.[34] It was to this state of affairs which Preserved Doe refers when he speaks of those leaders who "go for the Union" without thinking of the harmful effect on party interests. By 1862, however, it had become apparent that a number of Democrats were refusing to support the administration. This opposition movement was in the early stages of formation at the time Lowell wrote his paper, but there had already been some obvious manifestations of its existence. One of these, in all probability, provided the immediate suggestion for Lowell's satire.

On March 28, 1862, the Boston *Daily Advertiser* printed a brief paragraph to the effect that a Democratic caucus in

[32] H. H. Clark, *Major American Poets* (Cincinnati, 1936), 875.

[33] The passage in Jeff Davis' speech beginning "Your Belmonts, Vallandighams, Woodses, an' sech," which sharply satirizes Southern sympathizers in the North, is not in the original paper in the *Atlantic.*

[34] Edith E. Ware, *Political Opinion in Massachusetts During Civil War and Reconstruction* (New York, 1916), 77-78.

Washington was reported to have resolved to oppose the President's emancipation policy, and the issue of April 1 contained an editorial which began: "The movement said to have been undertaken in Washington for reviving the Democratic party is one that has its origin in no patriotic purposes." The editorial emphasized that the national cause would be done a great injury if partisan tactics should be employed, but expressed confidence that the people would not be deceived by political devices and that any party which attempted to further its selfish ends at the expense of the great issues involved would bring ruin on itself. A week later, on April 8, a second editorial pointed out that the Democratic meeting called to the attention of readers earlier had been described in somewhat conflicting terms by several persons who had been present, but that Vallandigham of Ohio—characterized by the *Advertiser* as the member of Congress "most conspicuous for his indifference to the success of the government, and most unblushing in his efforts to hamper and thwart the patriotic labors of the administration"—had declared emphatically that the call referred unmistakably to a political organization, that the Democratic party still lived, and that the movement was being responded to throughout the country and would be carried out.

Lowell, casting about for a subject for a "Biglow Paper," may have read these editorials and then decided to write an imaginary speech of one of the Democrats who had spoken in the secret caucus. Quite possibly he intended his readers to associate Preserved Doe with Vallandigham. Unquestionably Lowell considered the activities of the Democrats a danger which fully justified associating the party with demagoguery, party prejudice, and self-interest.

Of the remaining papers in the second series only two are predominantly satirical, and one of these, a mock heroic poem in Yankeeized Latin entitled "Kettelopotomachia," has been discussed in detail elsewhere.[35] The other, the final paper in

[35] See Edgar Hill Duncan, "Lowell's Battle of the Kettle and Pot," *American Literature*, XV, 127-138 (May, 1943).

the second series, is entitled "Mr. Hosea Biglow's Speech in March Meeting." Published in the *Atlantic* for May, 1866, it is for the most part a satirical attack on President Andrew Johnson and his reconstruction policy. In his speech of February 22, 1866, defending his veto of the Freedman's Bureau Bill, Johnson, incensed by Congressional opposition to his reconstruction plan, said that he looked on Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Sumner, and Wendell Phillips "as being opposed to the fundamental principles of this government, and as now laboring to destroy them."[36] Hosea parodies this accusation:

> "Nobody ain't a Union man," sez he,
> " 'thout he agrees, thru thick an' thin, with me;
> Warn't Andrew Jackson's 'nitials jes' like mine?
> An' ain't thet sunthin like a right divine
> To cut up ez kentenkerous ez I please,
> An' treat your Congress like a nest o' fleas?"

Johnson had also said that the states were sovereign and that the Southern states had never been out of the Union.[37] This assertion Lowell ridiculed by making Hosea say:

> The State goes out, the sovereignty don't stir,
> But stays to keep the door ajar for her.
> He thinks secession never took 'em out,
> An' mebby he's correc', but I misdoubt;
> Ef they war'n't out then why, 'n the name o' sin,
> Make all this row 'bout lettin' of 'em in?

In addition to representing Johnson as a tyrant and ridiculing his arguments in defense of his policy, Hosea quotes at length a Democrat of the same stripe as Preserved Doe who is so encouraged by Johnson's policy that he feels there is a chance of Jefferson Davis succeeding Johnson as President. Hosea points to this as a warning:

[36] Quoted in George Fort Milton, *The Age of Hate: Andrew Johnson and the Radicals* (New York, 1930), 292.

[37] Johnson in his message to Congress, December 5, 1865, maintained that the states and the constitution complemented each other and that the functions of the Southern states had been suspended but not destroyed. See *Appendix, Congressional Globe, First Session of the Thirty-Ninth Congress*, 1-5.

> Thet tells the story! Thet's wut we shall git
> By tryin' squirtguns on the burnin' Pit.

No doubt Lowell honestly felt that his opposition to Johnson's policy of moderation toward the South was both necessary and justified on moral grounds, since Johnson had advocated that the Southern states be restored to their former status without their being compelled to be truly democratic in regard to Negro suffrage. Hosea says:

> Nor these ain't metters thet with pol'tics swings
> But goes 'way down amongst the roots o' things.

Nevertheless, even if Lowell did not intend it to be, his satire could scarcely have been a more effective piece of propaganda in support of the Republicans whose opposition to Johnson was primarily political because it was motivated by the fear that his measures constituted a serious threat to the power of the party.

The reader is not likely to agree with Lowell in preferring the second series to the earlier papers. "I suppose," he wrote to E. C. Stedman not long after the publication of the collected edition, "this series wants something of the first jump (as Montaigne calls it) gayety and good spirits of the earlier ones, but I think there is better stuff in it for all that."[38] The satire in *The Biglow Papers* that has worn best naturally is that which most clearly has application beyond the immediate historical events with which it is concerned, and in this respect the first series is superior. But to be able to read *The Biglow Papers* with something more than a general knowledge of the backgrounds of the work is to be able to see more clearly how Lowell treated the objects of his satire, and more important, to be able to appreciate more fully the skill and artistry with which Lowell employed the satirist's devices of parody, burlesque, irony, ridicule, and invective.

[38] *Letters*, II, 137.

EMERSON'S PHI BETA KAPPA POEM

CARL F. STRAUCH

I

EMERSON'S Phi Beta Kappa poem,[1] which may fairly be regarded as his first public literary effort, has not excited the interest it deserves, largely, perhaps, because only twenty-two of the 290 lines have been printed in the *Riverside* and *Centenary* editions of his works, and somewhat less than half of the poem appeared in the *Phi Beta Kappa Key*.[2] It is all the more important, therefore, to have the full text before us so that we may relate it to his life and thought, for the poem represents an important stage in the unfolding of a genius whose integrity remains unassailable. The subject of his Phi Beta Kappa address in 1837 was already then hackneyed, but Emerson made the occasion and the address memorable with a distinctive philosophic doctrine and the unmistakable stamp of his apocalyptic style. Three years earlier, with the poem, he had failed because, yielding too much to convention, he had, in a quite uncharacteristic manner, become captive to the perfunctory literary tradition of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poet, a tradition which we must understand if we are to understand the failure.

From the first of these poems, Robert Treat Paine's in 1797, down to Emerson's, the conventional form, as might be expected, was the heroic couplet, Bryant's Spenserian stanzas in 1821 being a notable exception.[3] There was, furthermore,

[1] I wish to thank Mr. Edward Waldo Forbes for permission to print Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa poem and the variants from MSS in the Houghton Library; and Messrs. Clifford H. Shipton and Judson T. Shaplin for permission to use the Phi Beta Kappa material in the Harvard Archives.

[2] Lawrence Bradford Packard, "Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard," *Phi Beta Kappa Key*, I, 5-28 (January, 1913). Selections from the poem occur on pp. 25-28.

[3] William Hopkins Tillinghast's *The Orators and Poets of Phi Beta Kappa, Alpha of Massachusetts* (Cambridge, 1891) notes that the exercises at Harvard began in 1782, and that the first poem was delivered in 1797 by Robert Treat Paine. Although other verse forms came later to be used, the tradition of the heroic couplet persisted well beyond the 1840's: Walter Mitchell in 1875, and Robert Hillyer in 1936 employed this form.

whatever the subject, a marked and, be it admitted, monotonous uniformity in the following particulars: the delineation of human types, a convention which did not, however, persist; the fervid and boastful patriotism; the references to contemporary political events; the eulogy of a great national figure; and finally, whenever occasion demanded, the mournful remembrance of society brothers recently deceased. During the earlier years the subjects generally chosen permitted much rambling, and under the head of *The Ruling Passion* (1797), *Physiognomy, Education* (both 1799), *Experience* (1806), and *Enthusiasm* (1809), the poet might gather together in a loose and comfortable federation some obvious remarks on human conduct, reflections on the state of national affairs, defiance of the enemy, eulogy of heroic figures like Washington and Adams, sad outpourings on education, and compliments to the ladies in the audience. In 1812, however, Edward Everett secured a firmer control over the meandering impulses of the Phi Beta Kappa couplets and also introduced a new theme when he chose American poets as his inspiration; this literary topic was henceforth to be, with whatever elaborations, the conventional subject for the ensuing thirty years, well beyond 1834 when Emerson preferred not to celebrate the future greatness of the American muse. It will be serviceable to support these general remarks with a closer scrutiny of a few typical poems.[4]

[4] Not all of the Phi Beta Kappa poems have been deposited in the Harvard Archives, notable omissions for the early years being those of Washington Allston (1810), William Cullen Bryant (1821), and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1833). William Coolidge Lane and Crane Brinton, in their *Catalogue of the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa* (Cambridge, 1933) fail to identify Allston's poem. During the summer of 1947 Mr. Henry W. L. Dana called this problem to my attention, and in looking over a volume of Allston's poems with Mr. Dana, I suggested that one entitled "Eccentricity" might well have been the Phi Beta Kappa poem. The subject and the heroic couplets are strong indications. See this poem in Allston's *The Sylphs of the Seasons* (Boston, 1813), 89-113. On the same occasion Mr. Dana graciously permitted me to read the MS of Longfellow's poem, "The Past and the Present," originally read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Bowdoin. In the Chaucerian stanza, it has never been printed as a whole. See Samuel Longfellow's *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* (Boston, 1886), I, 191, and Lawrance Thompson's *Young Longfellow* (New York, 1938), 386.

Thomas Paine, who preferred to be known as Robert Treat Paine, Jr., because he did not wish to bear the same Christian name with the "atheist" author of *The Age of Reason,* in his *The Ruling Passion* wittily, or so he thought, presented various types of humanity—the pimp, coquette, poet, wife, lawyer, fop, pedant, love-lorn maid, and miser; instituted comparisons between these and members of the animal kingdom; discovered the ruling passion in each type of humanity; and patriotically concluded with the declaration that the ruling passion of "Columbia's son" is freedom.[5] Perhaps the most successful delineation of a type done in the lighter vein is this from William Biglow's poem *Education* delivered in 1799:

> On rugged rocks, in mournful echoing cells,
> In mossy grottos, and in dismal dells,
> Lo the lorn lover, blubbering forth his wo,
> Because a silly girl has told him *no.*
> His course of learning and of wild vagaries
> Commenc'd in tales of genii and of fairies;
> And when his genius rose to bolder heights,
> He por'd incessant o'er Arabian Nights;
> And left of science and of art the pith,
> For the soft syllabub of CHARLOTTE SMITH.[6]

For the customary eulogy of a great statesman we may quote from Joseph Bartlett's *Physiognomy,* likewise in 1799:

> We leave the Critic with his envious mind
> To shew a face the noblest of its kind.
> Majestic forehead and an arched nose,
> Boldness and vigor of the mind disclose.
> A piercing eye, commanding, mild, severe,
> Shews us a man incapable of fear—
> We know the man, 'tis FREEDOM'S FAVORITE SON,
> COLUMBIA'S boast, OUR SAVIOR WASHINGTON.[7]

[5] Thomas Paine, *The Ruling Passion* . . . (Boston, 1797), 5-28.

[6] William Biglow, *Education* . . . (Salem, 1799), 8. For a biographical sketch of Biglow see *Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography* (New York, 1900), I, 262.

[7] Joseph Bartlett, *Physiognomy* . . . (Boston, 1799), 11-12. Lane and Brinton

In 1812 Edward Everett, turning in his *American Poets* exclusively to literature for his inspiration, managed to infuse some of his lines with genuine poetic feeling. After the monotony of most of the previous poems there is a welcome freshness in these verses on the contemporary American poet:

> He felt the breeze, which in no line had blown,
> The sun, which in no simile had shone,
> Breathed the fresh gale, which ne'er made sonnet cold,
> And sailed o'er seas, which ne'er in dactyles rolled.[8]

Everett prophesied that America should have her great poets, and although the boast was conventional when he made it, he was the first of the Phi Beta Kappa poets to indulge his fancy for the "rising glory of America."

> Then Homer's arms shall ring in Bunker's shock,
> And Virgil's wanderer land on Plymouth rock.
> Then Dante's knights before Quebeck shall fall,
> And Charles's trump on trainband chieftains call.[9]

In 1817 John Ware followed the literary direction taken by Everett, and in his *Poem* discussed the virtues and defects of novels, among them the monstrous products of "prolifick Germany," which had begun to be read in America as well as in England. Ware's reference to Goethe is rather amusing:

> Strange, where the glories of an Edgeworth thrive,
> That Goethe's wretched things could keep alive![10]

(*Catalogue of the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa*, 182) correct Tillinghast's error (*The Orators and Poets of Phi Beta Kappa . . .*, 3) of supposing that both Biglow and Bartlett were poets for 1799. Biglow was the poet, Bartlett the orator. It is puzzling why the orator should unburden himself in heroic couplets until we recall that Bartlett was widely known for his eccentricities and wit. He has been described as "fat, jolly, and infinitely amusing." See *DAB*, II, 8-9.

[8] Edward Everett, *American Poets* (Cambridge, 1812), 1.

[9] *American Poets*, 8.

[10] John Ware, *Poem . . .* (Cambridge, 1817), 7.

William Cullen Bryant's "The Ages," delivered in 1821, adapts the usual patriotic theme of the greatness of America to a wide and philosophic view of the progress toward justice and virtue that mankind has made throughout the ages, a progress evidently to be consummated on America's shores. Bryant's poem is altogether more accomplished, vigorous, and original than any other of these early efforts, and really stands outside the tradition, since it is in the Spenserian stanza and omits contemporary references. Although the poem was, as Parke Godwin reminds us,[11] favorably received by some, Bryant's sombre, speculative genius failed to please the *New England Galaxy:*

> The Poem by Mr. Bryant, was in blank verse [*sic!*], and its subject as nearly as we could gather, the progress of society. It appeared to us to be better adapted to the closet, than the pulpit, and seemed to fall short of the public anticipation. A sentimental or humorous poem in the metre of Pope or Goldsmith would have succeeded much happier, and certainly would have been more calculated to hit the taste of the auditors.[12]

Is it possible that the *New England Galaxy,* not caring for the style of delivery, was put to sleep? Bryant had been admonished beforehand in correspondence that "an indifferent poem, if it could be spoken in a fine manner, would achieve an undoubted success."[13]

Frederic H. Hedge's *Modern Poetry,* delivered in 1828, significantly revealed his early inclination toward German literature and philosophy, in marked contrast to Ware's previous distaste for the German. Hedge was amused by the consternation of those uninitiated into the mysteries of that difficult language and literature:

> See German horrors rise in dark array,
> And German names more horrible than they.

[11] Parke Godwin, *A Biography of William Cullen Bryant* (New York, 1883), I, 173-174.

[12] *New England Galaxy,* Friday, August 31, 1821, 188, col. 2.

[13] Godwin, *A Biography of William Cullen Bryant,* I, 171.

> Amazed we hear of Werke and Gedichte
> Of Schlegel, Schleiermacher, Richter, Fichte,
> And thou, great Goethe, whose illustrious name,
> So oft mis-spelt and mis-pronounc'd by fame,
> Still puzzles English jaws and English teeth,
> With Goty, Gurrte, Guoter and Go-ĕthe.[14]

Like Everett, Hedge exhorted American poets to arise and sing the glories of their own land.

In "Poetry; A Metrical Essay," delivered in 1836, Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the most accomplished heroic couplets ever read before the Harvard society. Holmes made a survey of the types of poetry and in the course of his remarks alluded to the need of a national epic. When he discussed martial poetry he supplied an example of the sort of song he thought the nation needed, his own "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!" To Holmes' poem we may turn for an example of the tribute to a recently deceased member, Charles Chauncy, Emerson's brilliant brother, for Holmes succeeded better than any of his predecessors in mitigating the frigidities of convention with the unerring dignity of his metrical art. He said it well:

> Thou, calm, chaste scholar! I can see thee now,
> The first young laurels on thy pallid brow,
> O'er thy slight figure floating lightly down
> In graceful folds the academic gown,
> On thy curled lip the classic lines, that taught
> How nice the mind that sculptured them
> with thought,
> And triumph glistening in the clear blue eyes,
> Too bright to live,—but oh, too fair to die![15]

[14] Frederic H. Hedge, *Modern Poetry*, MS, 11. The MS volume of *Corresponding Secretary's Minutes 1826-48* contains a Code of Laws adopted by the Society at the anniversary meeting, September 1, 1825, one of the rules being, "The Society shall never officially request a copy for the press of the performance delivered before them." (unnumbered p. 31). This new rule may well account for Hedge's failure to have his poem printed immediately after the occasion.

[15] Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Poetry; A Metrical Essay," in *Poems* (London, 1846), 32.

Two other poems later than Emerson's need to be considered. William Parsons Lunt's "Psyche" in 1837 revealed a somewhat insecure familiarity with the philosophic language of Transcendentalism:

> Answer—thou higher attribute than Reason,
> Intuitive faculty, eye of the soul,
> Can thy far-reaching gaze discover aught,
> That merits to be called the end and aim
> Of this brief, transitory scene of life?[16]

William W. Story, delivering *Nature and Art* in 1844 when Emerson's most important work, excepting the poems, had appeared, preached the whole Transcendentalist argument. Story employed the terms Reason and Understanding, and he did so correctly, unlike Lunt, who, in the passage quoted above employed Reason for Understanding, evidently not knowing that the Reason *is* the Intuitive faculty, with which he erroneously contrasted it. Story asserted that man is "The central point of Nature's perfect arch," believed that Nature and spirit were inextricably bound together, preached the value of the present, and ended on a note of Emersonian self-reliance, "Who speaks his own truth, speaks the truth of all." Nature, he said in truly poetical lines, shouted the name of God:

> When the uplifting surf in darkening might
> Shakes out its glistening mane into the light,[17]

The spiritual evolution affirmed by Emerson is also here:

> Upward forever springing from the earth
> Life struggles onward to a holier birth;—[18]

It is true that less courage must have been required to face a possibly hostile Harvard audience in 1844 and pour out the Transcendentalist doctrine than would have been needed in

[16] William Parsons Lunt, "Psyche, A Poem," *Democratic Review*, II (April, 1838), 18.

[17] William W. Story, *Nature and Art . . .* (Boston, 1844), 7.

[18] *Nature and Art . . .*, 2.

1834. From 1836, when he published *Nature,* to 1844, when he published *Essays, Second Series,* Emerson had done magnificent duty as a lightning rod. Yet it is nonetheless true that Story was merely on the fringe of the Transcendentalist coterie and that if any Phi Beta Kappa poet should have put the new wine in old bottles, that poet was Emerson. We may well inquire into the reasons for his failure to do so.

II

Emerson had been elected to an honorary membership in the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa on August 28, 1828.[19] In June, 1831, a few months after the death of his wife he was asked to deliver the poem at the approaching exercises in August, but in his reply, dated June 28, he declined, saying that "a work of that kind . . . must not be a dirge."[20] The invitation was repeated in 1834, and in August, as a significant entry in the *Journals* indicates, he was busy composing. Emerson's brother Charles thought well of the poem and in his letter of August 26-27 to William Emerson wrote, ". . . Waldo has read me parts of his poem, & I believe his audience may be trusted to find out that tis both good sense & good verses." The Phi Beta Kappa exercises, at which Emerson read his poem, were held on August 28. The perfect suitability of the verses is reflected in the comment of the *Boston Daily Advertiser* on the following day, "The poem was brief and interesting, relating to topics of a general nature connected with our country."[21]

Emerson's poem, however, strikes one as more interesting for what it does not say than for what it does say. His philosophy had been formulated by the summer of 1834; much of *Nature* "appears to have been for some time in hand."[22] Since Emerson was full of his subject why did he not deliver "the

[19] Ralph L. Rusk, ed., *The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (New York, 1939), I, 253, fn. 104.

[20] *The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson,* I, 326.

[21] *The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson,* I, 417, fn. 43.

[22] James Elliot Cabot, *A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (Cambridge, 1887), I, 259.

word unto the prophet spoken"? One may hazard the guess that Emerson felt himself not yet ready—felt that since he was expending so much effort on a prose exposition of his philosophy he wished his message to be announced in *Nature* rather than in a merely occasional poem which he had been asked to deliver on rather short notice, during the summer, as Cabot says.[23] Another although probably less forceful reason may have lain in the stirring political events of the 'Twenties and 'Thirties, both domestic and foreign, which would have a greater interest for his audience than would his own ideas. Note, in this connection, that Emerson not only avoided an exposition of his own philosophy but also declined the literary topic which Edward Everett had introduced in 1812 and which succeeding Phi Beta Kappa poets had made more or less traditional. In concentrating wholly on contemporary events Emerson made a new departure.

These are the more positive considerations that probably swayed Emerson. There were others, however, arising out of convention that may have been equally persuasive. The *New England Galaxy* had been disappointed in Bryant's philosophic verses. The subject should be popular, suitable to the occasion. Heroic couplets seemed likewise indispensable. Yet Emerson had begun to abandon neo-classicism much earlier than 1834, and in theory and practice had submitted himself to the new influences, among them, to take one example, the American Sampson Reed. Professor Kenneth W. Cameron seems correct in his judgment that Reed "had a definite influence upon Emerson's theory of poetry,"[24] and that in writing "The spirits of the wise sit on the clouds" in November, 1826, Emerson "seems to have applied Reed's theory of poetic form."[25]

The freedom and metrical irregularity seen in many of the philosophical or meditative poems still excluded from the canon are

[23] *A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, I, 228.

[24] Kenneth Walter Cameron, *Emerson the Essayist* (Raleigh, N. C., 1945), I, 277, fn. 186.

[25] *Emerson the Essayist*, I, 289.

probably the result of Emerson's deliberate effort to follow that theory, and not evidence of incomplete or unpolished experiments.[26]

If readers are asked to judge a poet by his best work, should not the poet judge himself likewise? By this criterion, even if we excluded the earlier experimental verses to which Professor Cameron refers, Emerson should not have resigned himself to heroic couplets in 1834, for during the previous year he had composed "Written in Naples" and "Written at Rome," both distinguished poems in blank verse and uniquely his in subject and treatment.

In the midst of composition Emerson sensed his failure and rendered judgment, as we may note in his acid journal entry on August 19:

> We sit down with intent to write truly, and end with making a book that contains no thought of ours, but merely the tune of the time. Here am I writing a ΦΒΚ poem, free to say what I choose, and it looks to me now as if it would scarce express thought of mine, but be a sort of *fata morgana* reflecting the images of Byron, Shakspear, and the newspapers. We do what we can, and then make a theory to prove our performance the best.[27]

Three months later, upon coming to the Old Manse to live, he wrote his own declaration of independence:

> CONCORD, *November* 15.
>
> Hail to the quiet fields of my fathers! Not wholly unattended by supernatural friendship and favor, let me come hither. . . . Henceforth I design not to utter any speech, poem or book that is not entirely and peculiarly my work. I will say at public lectures, and the like, those things which I have meditated for their own sake, and not for the first time with a view to that occasion. If, otherwise, you select a new subject, and labor to make a good appearance on the

[26] *Emerson the Essayist*, I, 289.

[27] Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes, eds., *Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (Boston, 1909), III, 333.

appointed day, it is so much lost time to you, and lost time to your hearer. It is a parenthesis in your genuine life. You are your own dupe, and for the sake of conciliating your audience you have failed to edify them, and, winning their ear, you have really lost their love and gratitude.[28]

This passage, one sentence of which has been so often quoted, may now be seen in a new light as referring to the Phi Beta Kappa poem. These deeply personal comments, tinged with regret and bitterness, were not evoked by the few lectures which Emerson had delivered in 1832 and 1834 on natural science, the last on May 7.[29] As he was writing it, Emerson was displeased with the poem; and he resolved in his journal entry three months later never again to betray his real, inner self. With his philosophy complete, he had failed to be true to himself; and although we have suggested good reasons why he did not speak his own thoughts and conscience, he was unsparing of his weakness in yielding to the formalities of an occasion.

The text of the poem as I shall present it after a brief commentary is that of the holograph MS deposited in the Harvard Archives by Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson on June 6, 1912. The MS consists of nine sheets of white paper, each measuring approximately 7⅝″ by 9⅞″. The pages are not numbered, but the MS, which is in ink, fills fifteen pages, the first sheet bearing only the title and the verso of the ninth sheet being blank. Throughout the MS occur pencil strokes indicating the portions which were printed in *The Phi Beta Kappa Key*.

There are no other complete MSS, but on unnumbered page 92 of MS volume *P*, in which Emerson recorded rough drafts and fair copies of poems which he was writing in the 'Thirties, occurs a passage in pencil probably intended for the poem, but ultimately rejected except for two lines. The pencil notation at the beginning is probably by Dr. Emerson:

[28] *Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, III, 361.

[29] Cabot, *A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, II, Appendix F, 710-712.

ΦBK?

sack

The simple people each with basket or tool
Had left the young & resolute to rule
But strange disorder in the councils crept
Whilst they in farm & orchard toiled & slept
The farmer & the merchant missed their mart
And no reward attends the craftsman's art
Awaking from their lethargy they hear
Rude words which neither land nor sea will bear
A great concourse surrounds a single man
And waits obsequious
Watches his words, & predicates his will
Uprose the farmer by his apple tree[30]
Tarried the sailor ere he put to sea[30]
And who is he & who are ye he said
And what care I if ye are tail or head
Shall I who know not of the trade of state
Who know not, care not for the statesmans fate
Scarce hold the name of parties & of banks
Measures or leaders, officers or ranks
Shall I descend so low to ask or hear
What one man does or says with hope or fear
Follow the chance direction of his eye
Find his smile Fortune his frown poverty
God made these eyes: fear's watch they cannot keep
God made this frame erect, it cannot creep.

These lines may be a preliminary draft of the passage on Lafayette (135-186). On page 34 of *P* there is likewise a fair ink copy of lines 241-262, entitled "Webster" by Emerson himself and followed by a pencil notation in Dr. Emerson's hand:

In ΦBK Poem
1834

In both *P* and the Harvard MS the verbal variants of this passage are insignificant details for the most part, the variants of

[30] Lines 143-144 of the text.

punctuation are likewise unimportant, and neither affords grounds for determining the sequence. Emerson's usual habits of composition, which I have determined in a study of all his MS journals and verse-books, persuade me, however, that Emerson detached the eulogy from the Harvard MS and set it down in *P*, as he did likewise on the preceding page 33 with lines 269-270 entitled "Van Buren."

Since I shall record only the verbal variants with the text I should like to make a brief statement of my editorial principles of punctuation. Sixty-five of the 290 lines of the Harvard MS lack punctuation, most frequently end punctuation. This I shall supply or accept from the portions of the poem printed in the *Key*. Eccentricities, like an occasional dash at the beginning of a line, or errors I shall eliminate. In the few instances of disagreement between the Harvard MS, on the one hand, and *P*, the *Riverside* and *Centenary* editions (which are based on *P*), and the *Key*, on the other, I prefer the punctuation of the former unless the latter actually correct errors. Finally, I shall indicate the passages which have not heretofore been printed.

The contemporary references in the poem I shall now take up in the order in which they occur. In the late 'Twenties and the early 'Thirties Americans were most disturbed in international affairs by the possibility that the dominant continental powers would help Spain to win back her successfully rebellious colonies in the new world. Emerson, therefore, appropriately opened his poem with a reference to these powers as "the subtle and the strong" (line 20) and warned them in 31-32,

> Thou shalt not covet; leave those lands alone,
> Content to speculate within thine own.

This warning to Spain and her possible supporters Emerson followed immediately (33-34) with assurances of assistance to the South American countries,

> As the stars shine in heaven, so genial shine
> Thy stars, my country, to all lands a sign!

This reference to the recently announced Monroe Doctrine no one could have missed in 1834. Emerson then proceeded in 35-42 to comment upon British travellers, as though to say that although America was most ready to coöperate with Britain in the Monroe Doctrine she resented the insulting remarks of many British observers of American manners. Emerson had in mind a class of books extremely popular among the English but irritating to Americans. Basil Hall's *Fragments of Voyages and Travels,* which Emerson read in the Edinburgh edition of 1831,[31] Isaac Fidler's *Observations,* Frances Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans,* and Captain Thomas Hamilton's *Men and Manners in America* had all appeared, with their ill-mannered pronouncements on crude America, before Emerson wrote his poem. The tone of Emerson's rebuke to this sort of criticism is a judicious mixture of superiority and good-natured raillery. Although his audience could not have known it, the rebuke came most justly from Emerson, for he was quite capable of seeing the limitations of his own countrymen abroad, as when he wrote in his journal just a year before

> Of the frank Yankee in the tenements
> Of ducal and of royal rank abroad,
> His supercilious ignorance
> Of heraldry and ceremony,
> And his tenacious recollection
> Amid the coloured treasuries of art
> That circle the Louvre or the Pitti house,—
> Tuscany's unrivalled boast,—
> Of the brave steamboats of New York,
> The Boston Common, and the Hadley farms
> Washed by Connecticut;[32]

[31] Emerson borrowed volumes of this title from the Boston Athenaeum on September 20 and October 9, 1832. See Kenneth Walter Cameron, *Ralph Waldo Emerson's Reading* (Raleigh, N. C., 1941), 20.

[32] *Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson,* III, 206.

Lines 67-122 on immigration are more than an echo of Crevécoeur and other earlier writers on the hope of America for the oppressed of feudal Europe. The growing difficulties of the English industrial revolution resulting in the Parliamentary investigations of 1832 into the hours of child labor, the Polish uprising of November, 1830, which continued as a full-fledged war against Russia until September, 1831, and the Irish famine of the 'Thirties—all these lie behind Emerson's invitation to the oppressed of Poland, England, and Ireland to find succor, manhood, virtue on the hospitable shores of America.

The spirited and vigorous eulogy of Lafayette (135-186), which recalled his visit to America in 1824, when he had been the guest of the Harvard society at their exercises, came as an appropriate tribute after his death on May 20, 1834. To anyone in Emerson's audience who might have recalled that Lafayette's last speech had been on behalf of Polish refugees, it must have seemed apt and touching that the poet of the day should have brought Lafayette and the oppressed Poles together in the same poem.

It was also fitting that Emerson, who from young manhood had admired eloquence, whether of the pulpit or of political forum, should in 241-264 pay the final tribute to Daniel Webster in lines that are solid and Roman in their tribute to a Roman. Emerson had in mind, as all his audience did, Webster's great defense of the Union in his famous second reply to Senator Hayne of South Carolina—"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Lines 269-270 undoubtedly refer to Martin Van Buren. One might be certain of this even if there were not the plain evidence offered on page 33 in *P*. The Whigs regarded Van Buren as the evil genius of the Jackson administration. Van Buren, an influential figure in the New York state Democratic party machine, was so dexterous a manipulator of political favors that he became known as the "Little Magician." It was apparent in 1834 that Jackson meant to secure the succession in the Presidency for Martin Van Buren. The contempt for the man

and the fear of what he might do as President, Emerson succinctly expressed for an audience that would largely acquiesce in the judgment that Van Buren was a "rat."

In spite of limitations imposed by the traditional verse form and by the subject there are a few genuine Emersonian touches. The poem captures the sweep of American geography, it plunges us into the solitude of the forest; indeed, Emerson thought so well of 95-96,

> Traverse the unplanted forest floor, whereon
> The all-seeing sun for ages hath not shone;

that he repeated them with slight modification in "Woodnotes I." Emerson bound all his contemporary references together with the theme of virtue, which he gave a peculiarly Emersonian touch. In 12 he said that man is "the Heart in harmony with all," a Transcendentalist sentiment which reminds us of Story's line on man, "The central point of Nature's perfect arch." Lines 109-110 are typically Emersonian in their subjectivism, and we may also note in them a Wordsworthian touch,

> Open in him that inward eye whose view
> Doth re-create the Universe anew.

The concluding lines beginning with the advice

> Build in the soul your citadel apart,—

are an expression not only of the austerities of a Roman or New England stoicism but also of a distinctly personal emphasis on self-reliance which was to make Emerson both hated and loved in after-years.

The development of the poem is essentially that of prose logic punctuated by grand bursts of rhetoric and rounded out with a statement of moral idealism. Such a treatment is decidedly unemersonian, and it is altogether possible that in his journal entry of August 19, 1834, Emerson was really disturbed by his treatment rather than by the subject. The relationship

between private conscience and public affairs, implicit in the poem, became one of the master themes of his career. Poems like "Ode Inscribed to W. H. Channing," with its famous humanistic pronouncement of the "two laws discrete," and "Voluntaries," asserting the triumph of moral idealism, illustrate the vigor with which he continued to address himself to the problem; but in their total imaginative grasp and aphoristic economy they reveal the artistic growth which he was to make.

Nonetheless, Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa poem remains among the most accomplished ever delivered before the Harvard Society, significantly revealing, as it does, the readiness of a Yankee Transcendentalist to deal with practical matters in his first literary venture.

III

POEM, SPOKEN BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY, AUGUST, 1834

MSS: *Har, P* (*P* contains only lines 241-262, 269-270).

TEXTS: *Rside, Cent.* (both contain only lines 241-262), *The Phi Beta Kappa Key* (January, 1913; contains less than half; omissions indicated below).

DATE: August, 1834 (delivered at Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 28).

POEM, SPOKEN BEFORE THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY, AUGUST, 1834.—

Title: R. W. Emerson's Poem, spoken before the ΦBK Society Aug. 1834

Har: Webster. From the Phi Beta Kappa Poem, 1834. *P, Rside, Cent.: as above Key Punctuation occasionally wanting in Har No indentations in Key*

Is not this house a harp whose living chords,
Touched by a Poet with electric words,
Would vibrate with a harmony more true
Than Handel's married thunders ever knew?
But I,—mere lover of the Bards' sweet speech,
A simple seeker of the truth they teach,
Having no skill to play, must touch a string
That even to fumbling hands may music bring.
For who can love AMERICA, but seems
Clothed with some favor from its woods and streams?

His hand who hung in space this sun-burnt ball
Made Man the Heart in harmony with all,
And each man to his native country tied
With the twin ligaments of love and pride.
And shall it be by antique men alone
In petty states can patriot zeal be shown;
They vaunt their pastures at a kingdom's worth,
And we be dumb, whose lands balance the earth?

What purpose to man friendly hid so long
Columbia from the subtle and the strong,
Almost from pole to pole its green extent
Yet measured—only by the firmament?
Along the enormous tract in every belt
Of latitude, a several climate felt:
Under the arctic morn, red snow and moss,
Flora's cold elements, the rocks emboss.
Southward, the rose, the apple, and the corn,
Thank the sweet influence of night and morn;
The palm-tree shakes its feathers on the Line,
And round the cane and plantain, curls the vine.

Thou shalt not covet; leave those lands alone,
Content to speculate within thine own.
As the stars shine in heaven, so genial shine
Thy stars, my country, to all lands a sign!
The little traveller from Britain's isle
Lost in these far-spread states, may chirp and smile
At unbred men; because his dinner cools,
The country's naught,—the countrymen are fools.
For him an ill-served soup hath disenchanted
The mighty hemisphere his fathers planted;
He sees not, by the famous pilgrims won,
A hundred Englands opening to the sun.

These northern fields, once the bear's range and den,
Bread, iron, oak, and coal, they yield to men.
Richer than purple hills of oil and wine,
Our barren mountains give their son, the Pine;

19-66 *Omitted Key*

Borne on whose planks, the hardy fishers float
Round earth, wherever waves will bear a boat.

Angels might lean to see man going forth
With axe and plough to tame the savage earth;
The builder's saw and hammer never rest;
A village climbs each hill with whitening crest;
Lowell, Bangor, and Rochester express
To pleaséd God the redeeméd wilderness:
See the green line of culture westward run
O'er hill, swamp, prairie, to the setting sun:
Yon wagon, disappearing in the woods,
Transplants the Saxon germ to lovelier solitudes,
Bearing the wife, the babes,—basket and store—
To greet with English tongue Pacific's shore.
What's Italy? What's England, Flanders, France,
That may compare with this inheritance?
Prisons of cooped-up millions born too late,
Whose loss were gain to the o'erburdened state!
Here shall a man be rated at his worth,
And nature's freshest roses hail his birth.

Best name that Time can in his annals find,
Columbia, styled the Asylum of mankind!
Blest office! to the exile to dispense
With open hand a God's munificence.
Say to him there is room for us and him
In the deep woods and by the Ocean's brim;
Yes, greet sad Europe's exile to your shores,
Let love unbar to him the mountain doors;
Bid homeless Poland prove this side the main
The freedom she hath perilled all to gain;
Give Erin's starving outcast, wholesome meat;
And England's haggard weaver, slumber sweet.

Ah thou poor orphan! did the pitiless bed
Of feudal earth that bare thee grudge thee bread?

54 redeemed *Har*
56 Oer *Har*
63 cooped up *Har*
64 oerburdened *Har*

Was man so cheap in yon preserves of game
That thou must bend thy body as in shame
At being man; in Want, did life begin;
Thy only happiness the joys of sin;
Was it thine added crime some shame to feel,
To be for life the treadle of a wheel?
Come, clear thy brow; the hospitable Hours
Shall weave thy future web with healing flowers.
Welcome! in this continent thou shalt see
God's blessing broad enough to cover thee.
Come, teach thy lip to smile; that hopeless brow
Ill fits the firmament that shades thee now:
Go climb the Allegany's strait defiles;
Speed up Missouri twice a thousand miles;
Traverse the unplanted forest floor, whereon
The all-seeing sun for ages hath not shone;
Build where thou wilt thy home in Freedom's soil,
And bare thy strong arms to a freeman's toil;
Plenty shall fill for thee her laughing horn,
And fields be jocund when thy son is born;
Go rear,—for truth the British gibe prevents,—
A race of captains, judges, presidents.

Small praise I deem it that this continent
Provides the beggar bread, clothing, content;
But greater praise no lands have claimed or can
Than this,—we make the vagabond a man.
Him for whom Thought and Freedom were but words,
Whose substance was monopolized by lords,
Open in him that inward eye whose view
Doth re-create the Universe anew.
Is the rose fair? behold it glows for him;
For him the sea shells blush; the dolphins swim;
The perfumed morning sheds her diamond dews;
All sights and sounds in him their spirit infuse;
The keen October's air, when trees are gay

96 allseeing *Har, Key*
100 son is *Har:* sun in *(misprint) Key*
103-128 *Omitted Key*

With rainbow plumage, deepening day by day;
The midnight's pomp when yonder hornéd moon
Rivals day's golden with a silver moon;
But more than all, he was for Virtue born,
Though thrown neglected on his country's scorn;
And every gift benignant heaven let fall
On Man, the exile *here* is heir of all.

Yes, ope the hospitable forest wide
Unto poor men from all the realms of pride;
So shall the New World pay the old its debt
For the great pair,—Columbus,—Lafayette;
From yon serene heaven leaning they shall see
The land which one would find, and one would free.

Alas for France! her truest heart is fled:
Her long-descended noble lieth dead.
The best of heroes in the worst of times,
His spotless life relieves his country's crimes.
Permit the vagrant muse to grace her verse,
Borrowing a garland from his recent hearse.

Ten years are flown since this great heir of fame
Stood here among us—to his children came;
In his clear atmosphere of honor stood,
And warmed us with the glory of the good.
You know—who knows it not in any clime?
The jubilee and triumph of that time.
The nation followed him with eyes of love
As if he were some Genius from above.
Uprose the farmer by his apple-tree,
Tarried the sailor ere he put to sea.
The story of his life through all mouths ran
And swelling crowds hemmed in the heroic man.
They pored insatiate on his seaméd face
As if to search therein the spirit's grace.

117 midnights *Har* horned *Har*
118 days *Har*
122 man (M *superimposed upon* m) *Har*
141 nations (s *crossed out*) *Har*
147 seamed *Har, Key*

In calm simplicity the old man stood
As one on sights of joy unused to brood;
Seemed his great heart more easily would brave—
A martyr for man's liberty—the grave.
He wore no badge—no mark the eye could see,
Adornéd only with his history.

So seemed to us; but envious Carlists prate
He was a good man but was never great;
His simple figure in the rich saloons
And halting foot displeased the court buffoons;
He had a fixéd smile, a farmer's face,
Nor looked like marquis of the ancient race.
Ah! could these worshippers of ribbons read
In mortal features an immortal meed!
That smile has braved Bourbon's and Orleans' frown,
That farmer's face outfaced Napoleon.
That patient worshipper of right was known
Where gayer lineaments might not be shown,
In War's red lines, and in the popular shock
When foaming thousands bellowed, "To the block!"
A tower immovable in Faction's sea,
The patriarch, 'mid the nations, of the free.
Smile did he? 'Twas for Freedom's livelong hope,
When all but he quailed at her horoscope;
Write on his tomb—"He never failed to smile
'Gainst death, for freedom and for man the while."

But when a man to noble place pretends,
Take the old touchstone—judge him by his friends.
There were two men in this our latter age
Might challenge greatness on a Roman page;
One had a patriot's, one a monarch's heart,—

154 Adornèd *Har:* Adorned *Key*
159 fixed *Har, Key*
163 Orlean's *Har, Key*
167 war's *Har:* War's *Key*
169 Factions *Har*
171 twas *Har* Freedoms *Har*
174 Gainst *Har*

Both soldiers—Washington and Bonaparte.
On Lafayette in arms leaned Washington.
When saw the world such pair?—father and son.
Napoleon, when all Europe knelt around him,
Sought Lafayette,—fain with his love had bound him,
And he whom Europe served, proud of its chain,
Sued to the great republican in vain.

Rich is the living map the eagle sees
Sailing o'er Auburn in the harvest breeze;
Bright streams, white towns, and man-sustaining farms,
And Boston folded in the Ocean's arms;
O'er town and suburb broods her public dome,
And speaks to countless eyes of Law and Home.
And farther than that wind-borne eagle flies
Beyond the Southern Horn, or northern ice,
The errands of the pleasant land are done,
As shod with winds o'er seas her envoys run.
Fair heritage! only by Virtue strong,
Be thou the tower of right, abolisher of wrong.
What charms the man that views from hill or tower
These gathered symbols of a people's power?
Is it that round him six score thousand men
Feed fat each day to sleep out night again?
If there to grudge, to rob, to mob, they dwell,
The wolf, the wildcat might be there as well.
If ancient Virtue's fire is gone and spent,
Perish these piles of Art and ornament!
Burn church and schoolhouse, which our licence mock,
And let the gallant vessel rot in the dock.
The world-encircling merchant sink his goods
And with his babes pick berries in the woods:
Nay, let the rotten land suck in the seas,

187-290 *Omitted Key*
188 oer *Har*
189 man sustaining *Har*
191 Oer *Har*
196 oer *Har*
204 wild cat *Har*

And the whales pasture 'mid our college trees!

But if the children of New England feel
With their high-lifted fate an even zeal,
If to be native of this law-ruled earth
Shall be in the world synonymous with worth;
Who eats his bread by Massachusetts' streams
Shall steadfast aim to be the thing he seems,
Shall love the country that him bore and bred,
Revere the memory of her worthy dead,
Feel his heart beat with throbs no sneer withstands
At Concord, Bunker's height, and Plymouth sands,
And, his debt owned to God and to good men,
Cannot lay down his dust in dust again
Till he, by studious thought, or deed of love,
Have sealed his kindred with the blest above;
Enamoured of such worthiness shall Fate
Concede the commonwealth a longer date.
And when remotest times together view
Acts of the elder England and the New,
One selfsame genius shall shine through them all
From ancient Runnymede to Faneuil Hall.

That genius is the Saxon love of Law
And Freedom, whence our daily peace we draw.
For see how Heaven preserves us; when, of late,
Ill-omened birds screamed shipwreck to the state,
Then, to redeem the law from the law's foes,
An unexpected strength at once arose;
Thundered from lips long silent, voices wise,
And patriot anger flamed in quiet eyes.

212 mid *Har*
214 high lifted *Har*
216 synonimous *Har*
217 Massachusett' *Har*
222 Bunkers *Har*
232 Runnimede *Har*
236 Ill omened *Har*

Ill fits the abstemious Muse a crown to weave
For living brows; ill fits them to receive:
And yet, if Virtue abrogate the law,
One portrait,—fact or fancy—we may draw:
A form which Nature cast in the heroic mould
Of them who rescued liberty of old;
He, when the rising storm of party roared,
Brought his great forehead to the council board:
There, when hot heads perplexed with fears the state,
Calm as the morn, the manly patriot sate;
Seemed, when at last his clarion accents broke,
As if the conscience of the country spoke.
Not on its base Monadnoc surer stood,
Than he to common sense and common good:
No mimic; from his breast his counsel drew,
Believed the eloquent was aye the true;
He bridged the gulf from the alway good and wise
To that within the vision of small eyes.
Self-centred; when he launched the genuine word
It shook or captivated all who heard,
Ran from his mouth to mountains and the sea,
And burned in noble hearts proverb and prophecy.
Not old but wise,—for justice born to strive,—
God keep New England's WEBSTER long alive!

Yet even this day of hope may be o'ercast,
And future months resemble months now past.
O countrymen! though every cheek may burn
With crimson shame, from Time this lesson learn:

241 muse *Har:* Muse *P, Rside, Cent.*
243 Virtue *Har, P:* virtue *Rside, Cent.*
245 nature *Har:* Nature *P, Rside, Cent.*
249 when *Har:* while *P, Rside, Cent.*
257 the alway *Har:* th' alway *P, Rside, Cent.*
258 vision *superimposed upon indecipherable word P*
259 selfcentred; *Har:* self-centred; *P, Rside, Cent.*
264 WEBSTER *superimposed upon* Nestor (*below in pencil is* Mentor (?) *probably EWE's guess*) *Har*
265 o'er cast *Har*
268 time *Har*

The towers that generations did combine
To build and grace, a rat may undermine.

I speak unto the generous and the good,
Unto New England's choicest brotherhood;
Trust not the guarding sea, the fertile land,
Nor fleets, nor hosts, nor law's unsure command;
Build in the soul your citadel apart,—
The true New England is the patriot's heart.
The day of elder states may come to us
When public faith shall be ridiculous.
When times are changed, and the old cement gone,
Nor longer laws can yield protection;
Even then, when justice is put up to sale,
Shall one resource redress the unequal scale,
For, the true man, as long as earth shall stand,
Is to himself a state, a law, a land;
In his own breast shall read the righteous laws,
His own heart argue injured Virtue's cause,
With cheerful brow undauntedly shall face
Or frowning kings, or roaring populace;
And, spending in man's cause his latest breath,
Shall greet with joy sublime the Angel Death.

286 Virtues *Har*

MEMORANDA AND DOCUMENTS

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT AND NINETEENTH-CENTURY SCIENCE

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

THOUGH Bryant late in life protested in the name of religion against the absurdities inherent in the doctrine of evolution, in his early days as editor of the *New-York Evening Post* his attitude toward the discoveries and advances of science was both hospitable and enlightened. Not only did he champion the homeopathic method against the intolerant attacks of professional critics, but he also defended the right of the medical profession to engage in dissection, arguing that this was indispensable for the proper training of medical students. On this issue, he was confident, natural prejudice must ultimately yield.[1] When he received news of graves being violated in order to obtain corpses, he pointed out the moral to be inferred, namely, that the ends of science and the interests of humanity are best furthered if professors and students of medicine are supplied with subjects for dissection.

As editor of an influential newspaper like the *New-York Evening Post,* he welcomed the discoveries of science, feeling that they contributed benefits of incalculable value to mankind. His frequent extracts from scientific journals, together with expository and appreciative comments, testify to the wide range of his interests and his steady assimilation of scientific knowledge. He wrote with seeming competence and understanding on subjects like diet, physical exercise, mineralogy, botany, geology, cholera, horticulture, and his reviews of scientific works showed penetration and good judgment. He generously praised Cuvier's great work in arranging the animal kingdom and in using comparative anatomy as a basis for classification. In an editorial, "Cuvier's Animal Kingdom," Bryant wrote:

> Cuvier is, in his department, one of the greatest men the world has produced; great from the immense extent of labor he has undertaken and executed, and great for the discoveries he has made

[1] *New-York Evening Post,* January 18, 1831.

and promulgated. He perceived that the method of arranging and describing animals according to their external character was imperfect and exceedingly confused, and that it could not be applied with any certainty to many of those remains of species existing in remote ages, which the creative power has since blotted out from the lists of its works. He, therefore, determined to resort to the knife and arrange animals according to their comparative anatomy. . . . The result has been the production of a system of great harmony and certainty—the discovery of innumerable analogies and distinctions in the animal kingdom not hitherto known, and a perfect arrangement of the extinct species according to their families.[2]

Bryant praised the publishers for issuing in English a work which records the investigations of a great naturalist and hoped there would be enough taste for science in America to dispose of the edition.

Before this he had noted the work of a French physician on the effects of certain occupations on pulmonary consumption.[3] Some months later he referred to the process of making needles in large factories where the minute steel particles inhaled caused the contraction of fatal pulmonary consumption. A mask of magnetized steel wire worn over the face was then successfully introduced as a means of protection against this dread disease. Here was a perfect illustration, wrote Bryant, "of the manner in which those laws of nature which seem at first to have no connection with human comfort or convenience, and to be the mere object of philosophical curiosity, are yet, by some fortunate invention, made to contribute materially to human comfort and even to the preservation of human life."[4] Bryant also editorially praised the genius of his countrymen in mechanical inventions. The colonists possessed this genius in abundance and passed it on to their descendants so that it became an integral and distinctive part of the national character. He noted that between 1793 and 1831, a period of approximately thirty-six years, there were six thousand inventions.[5]

[2] *New-York Evening Post*, January 9, 1832. This editorial has been identified by Godwin. An incomplete list, compiled by Parke Godwin, of material that Bryant contributed to the *Evening Post*, is to be found in the Bryant-Godwin Collection of manuscripts in the New York Public Library.

[3] *New-York Evening Post*, February 4, 1831.

[4] *New-York Evening Post*, September 29, 1831. Identified by Godwin.

[5] *New-York Evening Post*, October 15, 1831. Identified by Godwin.

When the cholera epidemic first broke out in New York City, Bryant urged that adequate sanitary precautions be taken to prevent it from spreading. Cleanliness—that was the insistent burden of his editorial sermon. By sober appeals to reason he sought to allay the mounting feeling of panic in the city and to stem the rising tide of frightened fugitives. About one hundred thousand had fled, and the city viewed from the Jersey shore stood sharply outlined against a cloudless, smokeless sky.

At the comparatively early age of thirty-one, Bryant was invited, in April, 1825, to deliver a series of four lectures before the New York Athenaeum. Of special interest is the theory of poetry Bryant elaborated, for with the exception of his introduction to the *Library of Song*, it is practically the only direct statement we have of his views on the subject. Like Wordsworth, Bryant did not believe that poetry must suffer a decline in an age of science and reason. He refused to believe that in an age of advancing knowledge, poetry will die of inanition. The increase of knowledge and observation does not stifle curiosity and curb the creative imagination. On the contrary, it opens up new vistas to be explored. The frontiers of darkness ever wait to be pushed further back. Finally, Bryant is convinced that there is no conflict between science and poetry. In fact, the achievements of science have done much to extend the influence of poetry. Genius builds best on knowledge and works best in daylight. As if anticipating the more robust optimism of Walt Whitman, Bryant wrote: "I infer, then, that all the materials of poetry exist in our country, with all the ordinary encouragements and opportunities for making a successful use of them."[6]

As one of the co-editors of the *United States Review and Literary Gazette*, Bryant had dealt on numerous occasions with scientific matters.[7] He had written a review of *Original Communications Made to the Agricultural Society of South Carolina, and Extracts from Select Works on Agriculture*. The publication of this work, he declared, "is one of the results of that attention, which thinking and intelligent men in various parts of our country are beginning to devote to agriculture, and which has done so much to raise it from its late depressed condition, and to add not only to the re-

[6] *Prose Writings of William Cullen Bryant* (New York, 1884), I, 34.

[7] See Charles I. Glicksberg, "Bryant and the *United States Review*," THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY, VII (December, 1934), 687-701.

sponsibility, but to the productiveness of the pursuits."[8] Bryant also wrote a review of John Torrey's *A Compendium of the Flora of the Northern and Middle States*.[9] In it Bryant displayed a knowledge not only of flowers and plants but also of the books written on the subject. Bryant spoke learnedly of phenogamous and of some cryptogamous plants, concluding his review with the exhortation: "No well educated man should willingly remain entirely unacquainted with a branch of knowledge so readily acquired, and so agreeable in itself, as that to which this work relates. He should at least know somewhat of the structure and relations of a part of creation with which he has so much to do; which, in so many ways, contributes to his sustenance and to his enjoyment; which bears so visibly impressed upon it the marks of wisdom and design; which is so beautiful in itself, and connected with associations so numerous and interesting. As for the more difficult and obscure parts of the science, they may be left to those who have leisure and taste for them, to professed botanists, to the diligent and painful collectors and students of sea-weeds, mosses, and mushrooms."[10]

During the fabulous decade from 1840 to 1850 Bryant was untouched by the pseudo-scientific fads and millennial dreams of reform that then agitated the minds of many men. Animal magnetism, Fourierism, Christian Socialism, Transcendentalism, phrenology—toward all of them Bryant maintained an attitude of open inquiry. He was immune to the influence of the animal magnetizers who "pawed" people into a magnetic sleep. Whitman seemed to believe in the truth of phrenology and had had his "bumps" examined, but Bryant drolly satirized the pretentions of phrenology. To a friend he wrote:

> A Dr. Buchanan, at Louisville, mixes up phrenology and animal magnetism, puts some faculties to sleep and excites others, operates upon alimentiveness and makes people hungry, upon destructiveness and makes them choleric, upon identity and makes them talk poetically, upon mirthfulness and makes them pleasant, upon love of approbation and makes them put on airs; or paralyzes one of those organs after the others, and makes the choleric man imper-

[8] *United States Review and Literary Gazette*, 1 (October, 1826), 66-67.

[9] In the *New-York Evening Post* of December 14, 1831, Bryant reviewed Torrey's edition of Lindley's *Botany*. Review identified by Godwin.

[10] *United States Review and Literary Gazette*, 1 (January, 1827), 291.

turbably good-natured, the funny man as stupid as an oyster, etc.[11]

Toward the theory of homeopathy Bryant was more favorably disposed; he was impressed by Hahnemann's theory when he read a medical work on the subject; he was convinced of its efficacy as a curative method. When a homeopathic society was organized, he delivered an address before the members—a vigorous defense of homeopathy.

In a letter written in 1865, Bryant gave his reaction to a proposal for bringing the teachers of the public schools of Boston to hear naturalists discuss their specialized branch of knowledge and to examine collections of natural history in the museum.

My dear sir,

I am very glad to hear of the plan, mentioned in your letter, of bringing together the teachers of the public schools of Boston, to hear eminent naturalists speak of their branch of knowledge and to inspect the collections of natural history in your principal museum. The interest in these studies so awakened, will of course have its influence on the instructions of the teachers & through them will be communicated to a vast number of pupils.

Man is necessary [*sic*] a naturalist. It is a remarkable passage in sacred history which relates that all the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air were made to pass before the father of the human race who distinguished them from each other, and gave to each species the name it was afterwards to bear. We learn, almost unconsciously, to separate into classes the animals which share with us the breath of life, the plants of earth's surface, and the minerals in her bosom. But the knowledge of nature gained in this manner, is unavoidably imperfect, defective and sometimes delusive. The educated naturalist comes in and supplies deficiences [*sic*] and rectifies mistakes, showing the innumerable degrees of relation which the works of creation bear to each other, and[12] revealing to the inquirer a new world of beauty and order, a mighty and magnificent system of parts, in which the most perfect harmony is united with boundless variety, from the longest object of vision, even to the minutest forms of existence, which the sight, with the aid of the microscope, is able to detect.[13]

[11] Parke Godwin, *A Biography of William Cullen Bryant, with Extracts from his Private Correspondence* (New York, 1883), I, 193.

[12] Changes in pencil have been made in the text, apparently by Bryant, indicating that this was a copy of the letter which Bryant finally dispatched.

[13] The revision, in pencil, reads: "which perhaps the unaided sight might be able even to detect."

I cannot but wish the greatest success to a plan so well calculated as yours to exercise and strengthen the faculties of the mind, and to fill it with reverence and gratitude to the great First Cause of all things.[14]

This letter is significant in showing that Bryant apparently felt no incompatibility between the theory of evolution and his faith in the First Cause, nor did he fear that any undesirable consequences would follow as a result of introducing the teaching of natural history in the schools.

During the last period of his life, Bryant's thoughts turned increasingly toward religion. In 1878, while conversing with Joseph Alden, he said that he relied entirely upon Christ for salvation. The manuscript containing the introduction to Joseph Alden's *Thoughts on the Religious Life* was found on Bryant's desk after his death. In it he laments "the tendency of the time—encouraged by some in the zealous prosecution of science—to turn its attention from the teachings of the gospel, from the beautiful example of Christ's life, and the supremely excellent precepts which he gave to his disciples and the people who resorted to hear him. . . . The very men who, in the pride of their investigations into the secrets of the material world, turn a look of scorn upon the Christian system of belief, are not aware how much of the peace and order of society, how much of the happiness of their households and the purity of those who are dearest to them, are owing to the influence of that religion extending beyond their spheres.[15] More emphatically he added: "For my part, if I thought that the religion of skepticism were to gather strength and prevail and become the dominant view of mankind, I should despair of the fate of mankind in the years that are to come."[16] Profoundly religious in his old age, Bryant was opposed to the new skeptical tendencies introduced by science.

[14] The New York Historical Society: New York, March 27, 1865. William Cullen Bryant to an unnamed correspondent in Boston.

[15] Joseph Alden, *Thoughts on the Religious Life* (New York, 1879), 9.

[16] Alden, *Thoughts on the Religious Life*, 11.

TWO HAWAIIAN-AMERICANS VISIT HERMAN MELVILLE

MENTOR L. WILLIAMS

MR. Raymond Weaver quotes an undated letter of Titus Munson Coan, a Williams College student, in which the young man's impressions of Herman Melville were recounted to his mother in considerable detail. Mr. Weaver says that Coan was "prompted by a youthful curiosity to hunt out celebrities."[1] There was more than "youthful curiosity," however, behind the "pilgrimage" to Arrowhead by Coan and John Thomas Gulick in the spring of 1859. They went to see a man who had been to *their islands*, who had put those islands into his books, books which they had been "reading with rapture."[2]

Titus M. Coan, John Thomas Gulick, Henry Lyman, Curtis Lyons, and James Alexander, all students at Williams in the late fifties, were sons of American missionaries sent to the Hawaiian Islands by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. They had spent their childhood in the Islands; both Coan and Gulick were born there. Whatever may have been the official opinion of Melville's strictures upon the missionary system,[3] it was obviously not shared by these Williams youths who read Melville's books with rapture. Certainly, the authorities, if they had tried, had not been successful in keeping Melville's books out of the hands of the students.[4]

[1] Raymond M. Weaver, *Herman Melville: Mariner and Mystic* (New York, 1921), 351. Weaver, of course, got the letter from Arthur Stedman's "Introduction" to *Typee* (1892).

[2] Coan's phrase. The date should be remembered; Weaver, unfortunately, puts Coan's letter after comments by Robert Buchanan and Arthur Stedman leaving readers with the impression that Coan visited Melville at a much later date.

[3] See D. Aaron, "Melville and the Missionaries," NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY, VIII, 404-408 (Sept., 1935); C. A. Anderson, *Herman Melville in the South Seas* (New York, 1939), *passim*.

[4] Addison Gulick, *Evolutionist and Missionary: John Thomas Gulick* (Chicago, 1932), 163. Items recorded in a memorandum of Gulick's reading in 1859 included "Ruskin, *Omoo, Origin of Species* by Darwin." Gulick had originally enrolled in New York University but transferred to Williams "from a desire to enjoy the stimulus of contact with minds of my own level. This object is obtained here in the frequent religious and literary meetings as well as in class, and in daily converse." A. Gulick, *Evolutionist and Missionary*, 146.

Coan and Gulick took advantage of a brief vacation from their studies, beginning Tuesday, the nineteenth of April, 1859, to make the visit to Arrowhead. They left on the afternoon stage from Williamstown and reached Pittsfield at six o'clock that evening.[5] Gulick's account of the meeting corroborates Coan's impressions and gives us one of the best physical descriptions of Melville on record:

> Wednesday morning we called on Herman Melville, author of *Typee*, etc. We found him on a comfortable farm occupying a fine site about two miles south of Pittsfield. From his north piazza he has a fine view of Greylock, while to the south lie the Berkshire hills with Washington peak in the centre. He has a form of good proportions, is about 5 ft. 9" in height, stands erect and moves with firm and manly grace. His conversation and manner, as well as the engravings on his walls, betray a little of the sailor. His head is of moderate size with black hair, dark eyes, a smooth pleasant forehead and rough heavy beard and mustache. His countenance is slightly flushed with whiskey drinking, but not without expression. When in conversation his keen eyes glance from over his aquiline nose. Though it was apparent that he possessed a mind of an aspiring, ambitious order, full of elastic energy and illumined with the rich colors of a poetic fancy, he was evidently a disappointed man, soured by criticism and disgusted with the civilized world and with Christendom in general and in particular. The ancient dignity of Homeric times afforded the only state of humanity, individual or social, to which he could turn with any complacency. What little there was of meaning in the religions of the present day had come down from Plato.[6] All our philosophy and all our art and poetry was either derived or imitated from the ancient Greeks. Three of his children (the eldest about 10 or 12) were at home with him but his wife was absent with the youngest on a visit to Boston. After a noon lunch he took us in his wagon to the village where he was expecting to meet his lady on the arrival of the next train. Munson parted from me taking the car to Albany while I took passage by the evening train to Barrington.[7]

A word should be added about these observations. They were not made by raw, immature, adolescent students; they were made

[5] A. Gulick, *Evolutionist and Missionary*, 152.

[6] A. Gulick, *Evolutionist and Missionary*, 153. Permission to reprint the foregoing has been obtained from Dr. Addison Gulick and the University of Chicago Press. The remainder of the passage, never before printed, is quoted from Gulick's Journal through the courtesy of Dr. Gulick.

[7] It should be noted that this was no ordinary visit; the two men spent several hours with Melville and had an opportunity to make a very thorough appraisal of the man.

by adults. Gulick was already a good biologist with at least one important publication to his credit.[8] Coan was twenty-three and Gulick twenty-seven. Though neither was apparently aware of Melville's financial straits because to them his farm was "spacious" and "comfortable," both noted that Melville possessed an unusually active mind: "full of elastic energy," "a gypsy student." Both remarked that his penchant was Greek philosophy, the one referring to Aristotle, the other to Plato; both recognized that he was a "disappointed man," "soured by criticism," "disgusted with the civilized world," "something of an Ishmael," "a cloistered thinker"—conclusive evidence that Melville had visibly entered his "long quietus."

[8] A. Gulick, *Evolutionist and Missionary*, 511, 513.

BOOK REVIEWS

Men, Cities and Transportation: A Study in New England History 1820-1900. By Edward Chase Kirkland. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1948. 2 vols. Pp. xvi, 528 + ix, 499. $12.50.)

This ambitious attempt to write the history of transportation in New England from 1820 to 1900 is a brilliant success. Professor Kirkland has gone to the bottom of a subject which hitherto has had only piecemeal treatment. If the sections on maritime transportation are less satisfactory than those on the terrestrial, this is because the author's main interest is in the railroads. There he is at home, and after a research of many years in railroad records, in the reports of state railway commissioners and in the newspapers, he has produced a fascinating story, full of humor and irony as well as information. And where is the man with soul so dead who at some time or other has not loved anything that runs on rails—the long freight trains that rumble by in the night, the branch passenger trains warmed by a pot-bellied stove and lighted by kerosene, winding their way, hooting melodiously, up a river valley; the gilt-edge expresses from Boston to New York, Albany or Montreal, complete with Pullman or Wagner Palace Cars? What refreshment was more delicious than the coffee and doughnuts at Portland Union Station, where every down-East train lingered lovingly? What meal more Lucullan than a planked-shad luncheon (liberally besprinkled with cinders) in a dining car of the Boston and Albany? What men more enviable than the brass-bound conductors on the Old Colony, with their side-whiskers and heavy gold watch chains? Incidentally, the train crews never did wear uniforms until after 1877—uniforms were "un-American."

Volume I begins with an account of the coasting trade of New England which, in 1820, was (in the author's happy phrase) "a fringe of Hanseatic ports communicating with the rest of the world and with America by sea." One can still find a similar set-up, on a far larger scale, in Brazil. Next, we are told of the growth of turnpike roads and the consequent increase in carriage over horseback travel and of wagon over cart. Then, stagecoaches. Boston had 67 different stage lines in the 1820's. Of the two fastest, one left the

Hub at 2 A.M. and made Portland, 110 miles away, in 18 hours; another performed the 210-mile journey from Boston to New York in 41 hours and the fare was $11. Canals are properly covered, too. Finally came the railroads, beginning with the famous Quincy Granite, and reaching their first peak in the Western, completed to Albany in 1845.

Professor Kirkland differs from Charles Francis Adams and other earlier writers as to the possibility of Boston obtaining her own through route to the west. These argued that a little more push or capital or government aid at the right moment would have won for Boston something like the B. & O. for Baltimore. But Professor Kirkland, with a firm grasp of geographical realities, points out that the Berkshires could never have been equalized with the Hudson route. It was Portland, with the Grand Trunk (built on a 5½-foot gauge so that the Boston roads could not suck traffic away from it) that made the strongest bid to be a great western outlet; and had Canadian reciprocity come earlier and lasted longer, Portland might have succeeded.

There are two chapters, well illustrated, on equipment and technological changes. Although the earliest locomotives were imported, New England by 1840 was building most of her own, and one of her pioneer designers was Whistler's father at Lowell (where Whistler did not "choose to be born at"). William Mason, whose "thought left the sharpest image upon the American locomotive," emphasized precision and beauty far more than did the artist's father. Mason, too, was an accomplished painter and musician; his locomotives were the first that looked like something more than a boiler on wheels.

Perhaps the greatest contribution of this book is the detailed and penetrating account it gives of railroad financing, including a candid tale of the principal skullduggeries in those dear, dead days of rugged individualism. As early as the 1850's, Robert Schuyler, president of the New Haven and also of a New York brokerage house, issued to himself, gratis, 20,000 shares of stock over and above the maximum of 30,000 allowed by the road's charter, borrowed money on them for other speculations, and also looted the road's treasury of $137,527. Directors constantly borrowed railroad funds; treasurers "were peculiarly subject to this occupational affliction"—William S. Tuckerman, treasurer of the Eastern, em-

bezzled $245,103. Commutation tickets were originally granted only to favored individuals; free passes came next. The railroad commissioners of Rhode Island, declaring "liberality" to be "so unusual in corporations it should be encouraged when shown," argued against a prohibition of free passes. Roland G. Hazard, the philosophical railroad reformer, got them stopped, but even he could not persuade the legislature to regulate freight rates. The directors of the Vermont Central followed the Jim Fisk method of railroad operation, on a smaller scale: constructing feeders in order to lease them to the road at inflated rentals; and readers who have shuddered over Charles Francis Adams' *Chapter of Erie* may find equal wickedness in the heart of God's country—the consolidation of the Boston & Lowell, Nashua & Lowell and Concord Railroads. The resulting consolidation was taken over in 1887 by the Boston & Maine, led by the colorful Frank Jones, after disreputable doings in Concord which prove that the scenes described in Winston Churchill's *Coniston* are no exaggeration. On one occasion, when the railroad commissioners complained of New Hampshire "Solons" being given free passes to points as distant as Montreal and Chicago, Frank Jones uttered this choice bit of homespun cynicism: "Men are a great deal like hogs; they don't like to be driven, but you throw them down a little corn and you can *call* them most anywhere."

The New Haven consolidation is the greatest of these stories, and it is here told for the first time but, unfortunately, only until 1900. It appears that the New Haven's greatest competitor for many years was the now-forgotten New York & New England (locally known as the Now You're Near Eternity, from its many accidents). It was the N. Y. & N. E. that first put on a five-hour train from Boston to New York, and which in 1876 invented the "Federal" night through express to Washington by means of a train ferry between its Hell Gate terminal and the Pennsylvania terminal in Jersey City. J. Pierpont Morgan, however, pushed this road into bankruptcy and annexed it to the New Haven system in 1898. Twelve years earlier, the New Haven had only 519 miles of track, almost all within Connecticut; in 1900 it operated 2,037 miles of main line and branches in New England. As it gathered in railroads like the Providence & Boston, the Shore Line and the Housatonic, it acquired their steamboat lines from New York to Norwich, Ston-

ington, Fall River and elsewhere. Next, it turned to the electric trolley lines, whose competition was beginning to be felt. It is hoped that Professor Kirkland will write an epilogue to the New Haven story, telling the ruinous efforts of the elder Morgan to monopolize all transportation in New England in the first decade of the new century.

Professor Kirkland brings out the fact that state governments were "in business" from the first, as far as the railroads were concerned. They lent or gave funds freely, notably in building the Hoosac Tunnel; some of the most respectable Bostonians, such as Josiah Quincy, Jr., and Frederick F. Stimson, favored state ownership of the Boston & Albany in preference to leasing it to the New York Central. Professor Kirkland's article in the NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY (XX, 88) prepared us for an interesting chapter on the "Great Bore," nor are we disappointed; he insists, however, that the Hoosac was well worth the debt of fourteen million dollars that it cast on the Commonwealth, since the Fitchburg R. R. was thereby enabled to become a great through freight route, feeding into Boston sixty per cent of the Hub's export trade in 1895.

There are chapters on the state railroad commissions, on corporate structure and corporate government in which there were many significant changes, on the big capitalists and promoters, and on the railroad men and their brotherhoods. In this connection it is astonishing that Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw, noted for his acceptance of labor unions, was also responsible for applying the fellow-servant doctrine of the common law to injuries sustained by railroad workers in line of duty; and that even after the Massachusetts General Court in 1887 imitated the British Parliament in passing a new employers' liability act, the courts continued to whittle away at it.

Only two adverse criticisms of this admirable work occur to the reviewer. The maps in text are mere outlines with no place names less important than the infamous Essex Junction. They should have been supplemented by one or more large folding railroad maps of New England at different eras; there are several that could have been photostated. Oral sources, which always provide explanation and color, seem to have been neglected. The late Lincoln Colcord, for instance, had several good stories about building the Bangor & Aroostook, in which he took part. Frederick

H. Prince, whose banking house helped Jabez A. Bostwick build up that "infant Hercules," the N. Y. & N. E., is still very much alive and loves to talk about the good old days before "that crazy radical Theodore Roosevelt" became President. And it was Louis D. Brandeis who helped show up the Bostwick-Prince gang, to the great discomfiture of their attorney Moorefield Storey who, years later, dug up the case as proof of Brandeis's unfitness for the Supreme Court of the United States.

S. E. MORISON.

Harvard University.

Literature and Theology in Colonial New England. By Kenneth B. Murdock. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1949. Pp. xi, 235. $4.00.)

Not since Moses Coit Tyler's time has anyone undertaken, as Mr. Murdock has done in this admirable book, to deal in a sustained way with the Puritan writers of the seventeenth century in New England—to deal with them, that is, primarily *as* writers, as men of letters, as the authors of a body of work that perhaps has an interest beyond that of the historical and theological. Parrington was never much interested in the literary qualities of that work, and Mr. Perry Miller's extraordinary studies have been devoted to the illumination of the Puritans as thinkers, men of doctrine, theologians. Mr. Murdock, on the other hand, has concerned himself with the question of how seriously we can take Bradford and the Mathers, Shepard and Hooker, Ann Bradstreet and Edward Taylor as literary figures in the strict and critical sense. In doing so he has done them, and us, the great service of bringing them back into focus as characters in the history of letters.

He has not done this, however, without raising the very necessary question what the attitude of the Puritans themselves was toward the act of writing and the enjoyment of literature. This, naturally, was not at all what we think of as a free or pure or imaginative attitude. Consciously, at any rate, the Puritans regarded poetry and the other literary forms as tolerable only so far as they lent themselves to moral and theological discipline. "Anything that seemed to them," says Mr. Murdock, "to amuse or to delight sensuously or intellectually, at the expense of total concentration on

theological truth and proper devotional feeling, was to be avoided in writing no less than in worship." Within these limits, nevertheless, as he shows, the Puritans set a high value on the writing of history because it might reveal "the power of holiness manifested in the triumphs of the righteous"; they found a place for biographical and personal writing, including the diary, because these forms might exemplify the "spiritual progress" of their subjects; and even poetry, when it served "to move the hearts and minds of men to righteousness," was acceptable to them.

The result was that they often wrote with great force and picturesqueness, usually in that "plain style" which the character of their audience demanded, and that they sometimes wrote with an eloquence or a passion that one can still find genuinely affecting. Mr. Murdock, who deals admirably with William Bradford and his history, does not, I think, overstate by a single tone the extraordinary impressiveness of at least the finest passages in that book. He sees, too, that Edward Johnson's treatment of New England history is essentially an allegory, and that Johnson "clothed a central doctrine in his faith with the trappings of myth." He shows that most Puritan biographies, certainly Cotton Mather's, were "fundamentally case-histories," and that they too were really regarded as the illustrations of a mythical conviction: "In biography the myth and the reality, the symbol and the fact, correspond." Mr. Murdock is excellent on all these aspects of Puritan literature, and in his chapter on New England poetry he has given what is surely the best existing account of the poetry of Edward Taylor, the poet in whose work the New England mind of the first period came closest to a pure and intense expressiveness.

In a final chapter, Mr. Murdock points out very cogently some of the intangible ways in which the Puritan heritage can be seen at work, and often creatively at work, in American literature generally. They are certainly there, and Mr. Murdock handles them in so balanced a manner that I do not see how one can take issue with him. Throughout his book he has been studiedly careful not to attach a higher literary importance to his Puritan writers than the traffic will bear. One is left with but a single doubt—and that is the doubt whether the official Puritan attitude toward literature and the arts was not, despite everything, a profoundly crippling one. These are realities that must be dealt with sensitively and pa-

tiently, but can one avoid the suspicion that, if New England literature in the seventeenth century only very rarely rises to a great plane, this is at bottom understandable, and understandable against the background Mr. Murdock sketches? Literature cannot be harnessed so tightly as that to the service of any particular doctrine without losing most of the freedom that, along with the equally necessary limitations, it demands in order to exist. The example of Bunyan only proves that a very great artist can triumph even over such obstacles, and it happened that there were no very great artists among the New England Puritans.

NEWTON ARVIN.
Smith College.

Jonathan Edwards. By Perry Miller. *The American Men of Letters Series.* (New York: William Sloane Associates, Inc. 1949. Pp. xv, 348. $3.50.)

Many surprises are in store for the readers of this truly remarkable book, and most of them should be of the pleasant variety. The greatest shocks will come to those who are misguided enough to expect a routine biography of Edwards as a "man of letters" in the usual sense. Instead, they will find themselves grabbed by the arm and escorted boldly into the depths of a labyrinthine mind unequalled for richness and complexity in the whole of colonial America. The full stature of Jonathan Edwards, handicaps and all, will be displayed to them against the backdrops of past and present, and even of the future. And they will emerge, if they keep abreast of their competent and eloquent guide, moved and shaken by the experience.

This is to say that Perry Miller has performed something very close to a literary miracle. Even in his own day, Edwards was not for the vulgar; and today, "except in fairly sheltered groves, systematic theology, once the proud possession of all Protestant Americans, seems to be nearly a lost art." Yet Professor Miller has managed to write for the reasonably resolute modern reader with verve, vigor, and conviction concerning the ideas of a provincial theologian considered as a major artist and "child of genius." The result is an overwhelming impression of Edwards' intellectual pre-

cocity. He was always miles ahead of his fellows in grasping the significance of philosophical and scientific developments. Hardly out of his 'teens at Yale, he saw through Locke and Newton as if in a flash, and wondered whether he dared to speak their new language to his scholastic Puritan contemporaries, still enmeshed in technologia. "When Edwards stood up among the New England clergy, it was as though a master of relativity spoke to a convention of Newtonians who had not yet heard of Einstein, or as though among nineteenth-century professors of philosophy, all assuming that man is rational and responsible, a strange youth began to refer, without more ado, to the id, ego, and super-ego." Miller even goes so far as to claim that Edwards "speaks from an insight into science and psychology so much ahead of his time that our own can hardly be said to have caught up with him."

It is not a matter for astonishment, then, that Edwards did not come out bluntly with his subtle and novel Lockean version of primitive Calvinism, even though he was reckless enough when it came to mortifying the first families of his congregation at Northampton. In Miller's words, his "writing is an immense cryptogram," in which there is always "a gift held back, some esoteric divination that the listener must make for himself." Such is the power of the author's artistic imagination, together with his command of "the whole body of divinity" which was Edwards' province, that he leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader that (a) there is a puzzle worth deciphering, and (b) no one has come any closer than Perry Miller to discovering the key, or keys.

One key of which Miller makes superb use in showing Edwards' differences from Berkeleyan idealism is the distinction between the understanding of the head and the "sense of the heart," which Edwards derived from Locke's separation of idea and sensation. When a successful appeal is made to the sense of the heart, the whole man is involved in a sensuous grasp of the total situation. The word and the thing are one, as are the intellect and the emotions. Through sense experience the idea, fully apprehended, may become a saving conviction, as in the revivals of which Edwards was the sanest champion. Anticipating William James and Whitehead, Edwards also foreshadowed Kierkegaard. "Without the sense of the heart men are befuddled and lost. In the spirit of essential

Puritanism, Edwards would allow no mercy, no extenuation, no forgiveness. One has to look directly into the blinding sun; otherwise, all becomes infinite evil."

All this, and more, was hurled into the teeth of the learned Enlightenment as represented by the "free and catholic" liberalism of Chauncy and Harvard and Boston, as well as, in practice, by the sanctimonious grafting and land-grabbing Williams cousins who drove Edwards from his pulpit to the wilds of Stockbridge. As Edwards' champion, Miller is righteously scornful of the Arminians who refused to face the logic of their own premises, as well as of the professed Calvinists who were horrified to hear the inexorable consequences of their own doctrines unfolded in terms of action. He is especially out of patience with Dr. Holmes's "attitude that for almost two centuries has prevented an understanding of Edwards," and the former's dictum that "Edwards prescribed a rule of virtue more suited to angels than to flesh and blood—a statement with which, aside from the flippancy of tone, Edwards would agree." The very quintessence of Protestant Puritanism, Edwards sought "to bring men face to face with what Puritanism always demands that they face, the divinity of divinity." With complete consciousness of his own spiritual deficiencies, he confidently stormed the very heights of heaven in his analysis of the Godhead, all the time insisting upon finite experience as his base of operations.

What chiefly cuts Edwards off from the modern reader is the immensity of the demands he made upon his own mind and heart. He may be, as Miller contends, "a great modern in his refusal to confess that the eternal world is an utter mystery," but most moderns lack his confidence in his own ability to map it, "to reach to the very sensorium of God." The lesson that the rest of the world learned from Locke was that empiricism counsels the acceptance of finite limitations in knowing, not their constant defiance.

One might also question the wisdom of Miller's use of "Naturalism" as a chapter-heading in view of its present-day connotation of anti-supernaturalism, than which nothing could be more foreign to Edwards' thought. But any possible disputing of the author's fervent exalting of his hero on minor points is trivial in the face of the book's abounding merits. Altogether the series to which this volume belongs has reached a new high by the addition of such a

masterly treatise, not only on American literature, but on philosophy, psychology, science, art, history, and theology.

HAROLD A. LARRABEE.

Union College.

Melville's Use of the Bible. By Nathalia Wright. (Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press. 1949. Pp. 203. $3.50.)

Herman Melville, A Critical Study. By Richard Chase. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1949. Pp. xiii, 305. $4.50.)

The year 1949 saw a large increase in Melville publications; perhaps it saw an equivalent increase in the understanding of his genius. Notably, Dr. Henry A. Murray's introduction and notes to *Pierre* profoundly and brilliantly analyzed that colossal failure; Mrs. Henry Metcalf's fine edition of the London journal of 1849-1850 finally supplied the full text of that important manuscript; Dr. F. Barron Freeman's edition of *Billy Budd* straightened out the textual tangle of that novel and brilliantly pointed out the existence of the Baby Budd story out of which the later novel grew. Among the new publications, these by Nathalia Wright and Richard Chase stand high.

Melville students are aware of the large number of doctoral dissertations on Melville which have been written at Yale under the supervision of Professor Stanley Williams. The first to be published is Miss Nathalia Wright's *Melville's Use of the Bible.* If it is a fair sample of the quality of all the theses, then the rest of them should also appear in print.

Miss Wright's subject is a rich one. All who read Melville are aware of his frequent Biblical allusions and references, which serve to give his work a density and a vast extension. Such a fruitful subject called for attention and found the proper scholar-critic. Scholarship and sensitive criticism are one with Miss Wright. Her book is short, economical, attractively written, and of great value and charm.

Miss Wright is well aware that Melville was an artist and not a scholar. He was neither sustained nor systematic but was, rather, impulsive and unpredictable in utilizing the Bible and the Apocrypha. The influence of the Bible went "beyond quotation and al-

lusion, beyond allegory to true inspiration . . . [its] words sank to the deepest level of his consciousness, there to be constantly transforming and transformed by his thought and imagination." This we might have said before Miss Wright's book, but it is well to have the statement illustrated with a close analysis of Melville's imagery, characters and types, themes and plots, and, finally, style.

Melville's imagery was intensely visual, but most highly developed was his sense of movement. (Readers will instantly recall the vortex scene from *Moby-Dick* or the fall from the yard-arm in *White-Jacket,* but Miss Wright uses Biblical illustration for her purpose.) Miss Wright stresses Melville's sensitivity to mass and to line, to light and to color. Appropriately she makes much of Melville's concern for the absence of color and of his fruitful use of color symbolism. "Truth is colorless, but the humanities are green," and she adds that the Biblical image which best served Melville in connection with green was the Garden of Eden, a perception which demonstrates and reinforces Wallace Fowlie's dictum that "The drama of Eden is at the centre of every art." Certainly it is of Melville's, from *Typee* to *Billy Budd* and *Timoleon.*

Dealing with the characters and types of Melville's fiction, Miss Wright says: "With the exception of three characters—Ahab, Benito Cereno, and Billy Budd, Melville's heroes are all essentially one person and have one prototype. He is Ishmael, the wanderer and outcast." Later she adds: "In the characterization of his two titanic heroes, Pierre and Billy Budd, Melville drew upon a New Testament figure: Jesus." The ramifications and qualifications to these remarks must be infinite; some of them are made by Miss Wright and by Mr. Chase in his book—it is a subject for endless discussion.

Turning to Melville themes and plots, Miss Wright observes that "four major themes may be distinguished in his novels: the theme of prophecy in *Moby-Dick;* the theme of wisdom literature cursorily from *Mardi* to *Billy Budd;* the theme of the Gospel ethics in *Mardi, Pierre,* and *The Confidence-Man;* and the theme of the Crucifixion in *Billy Budd.*" She rightly notes the centrality of Father Mapple's sermon to the meaning of *Moby-Dick,* pointing out, however, that Mapple's story is as much Jeremiah as it is Jonah. An interesting suggestion.

Miss Wright does not fall into the enthusiast's error of insisting

that the Bible was the only source of Melville's style. She safely and rightly generalizes that Melville "belongs in the main stream of English prose, whose flowering rhythm and structural simplicity have been influenced by the English Bible to an extent not measurable." Her parallel passages from Melville and the Bible to show their similarity of rhythm and structure is particularly impressive.

An important subject has been well handled. Gradually a full dossier on Melville as an artist is being gathered. One key subject remains unexplored except in part: the effect of Shakespeare on Melville. Perhaps Miss Wright should now try that Odyssean bow.

Richard Chase's long-awaited critical study of Herman Melville is a book which will inevitably arouse disagreement ranging from general disapproval to loud praise. It is an attempt to study Melville's central themes, to sift both his occasional and recurrent symbols, and to expose his central myths. In a sense, it is a book with the general intention shown in Sedgewick's study of several years ago, but Chase's work encompasses more of the writings and ranges from *Typee* to *Billy Budd* without scanting the short stories, the poems, and *Clarel*. Furthermore, Mr. Chase is intensely concerned with the relationship of Melville's thought to the New Liberalism of the present generation. He feels that Melville's implied criticism of the liberal position should be a salutary warning to the wise. Critics have already attacked Mr. Chase's arguments on this point and one need not repeat their objections—cogent ones, it seems to me.

The brilliance of this book is its most obvious characteristic. Symbols of Space, Mountain, Tower, Fire, Phallus, Cave, Death, Stone, and the myths of Prometheus, the Fall of Man, and the American myths, are sought out, and shown to be an important part of Melville's art. Mr. Chase's juggling feats are exciting, and it is only on later reflection that one might question the worth or the validity of what was being juggled. One gains from Mr. Chase the impression that Melville was as conscious a symbolist as Kafka or Yeats, although Mr. Chase nowhere states this, nor, I believe, does he really intend it. Anyhow, if Mr. Chase is correct, it is no wonder that Melville is so popular among modern critics, poets, and artists, long nurtured on the symbolist tradition. The simple

sailor pestering Hawthorne with amateur metaphysics has been transformed to a subtle symbolist.

The symbolic and mythological school of criticism demands keen wits and subtle perceptions, and these Mr. Chase has in abundance. The book proliferates with *aperçus*. All characters and themes are seen not only in themselves but in relationship to some archetypal character or myth. The method is defensible. If Mr. Chase finds that Ahab is a dozen different types, one defends him by Miss Wright's observation that "many parallels are necessary to describe Ahab because he matches none completely but is a spirit moving free and uncapturable through the world." Melville himself justified the analogical technique when he talked about the "linked analogies" of life.

If what Mr. Chase says about the greater and better-known works is exciting and useful (for instance, on the American folk elements in *Moby-Dick*), he is even better on the short stories and sketches, for there he has attacked problems which most critics have neglected. Stories like "The Bell-Tower" and "The Lightning-Rod Man" fall into place at last—maybe not *the* place (if any such exists) but into a coherent and intelligible pattern of Melville's developing art and mind.

There are small errors throughout, both of fact and of restatement of plots—on the first page, for instance, Melville's marriage is placed in 1848 instead of 1847. It is entirely possible, given time, to show how wrong Mr. Chase is in some of his interpretations. But even in his wrongness he is excellent, for what he says provokes one to exploration. An irritant, he teases one into thought. He attempts so very much that he has often failed, but his failures are fine ones. The book will often be tested in the future; it will be reproved for its over-fluidity of ideas, for a certain lack of tightness, both of thought and of statement. It is curious, already, to see that those whom it annoys are stirred into argument and interpretation far beyond that stimulated by books of which they approve. For Mr. Chase, every brickbat may be regarded as a bouquet.

HOWARD P. VINCENT.

Illinois Institute of Technology.

The American Political Tradition and the Men Who Made It. By Richard Hofstadter. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. Pp. xi, 378, xviii. $4.00.)

Richard Hofstadter has managed the impossible: to make exciting the essential sameness and monotony of the American political tradition. Historians and critics of recent years, engaged in rediscovering the *usable* American past, have impressed the image of crisis and conflict of their own time on the political tradition. They have mistaken words for things, the rôles statesmen assumed for the policies they pursued, party ideologies for actual party objectives, the clash of interests and ideas within a single dominant tradition for a conflict between opposed traditions. As a result, we have lost sight of the basic continuities in American political history. To correct this distortion, Hofstadter has written a series of brilliant "studies in the ideology of American statesmanship," focusing attention on "the central faith" and tracing "its adaptation to various times and various interests."

The aims and values of capitalist culture, Hofstadter argues, compose the central faith which the American statesmen who have also been articulate political thinkers have shared. The main line of the tradition runs from Jefferson and the Founding Fathers, through Jackson, Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, and Hoover. Although Franklin D. Roosevelt, by virtue of his pragmatic temperament, broke with the inherited tradition, he evolved no new faith responsive to the needs of twentieth-century democracy. Hofstadter's other essays help to illuminate the dominant theme, but they stand apart from it. Two of these, on Calhoun and Lincoln, are the most original and provocative; those on Wendell Phillips and The Spoilsmen have the least to offer.

Notwithstanding the capitalist faith at the core of the tradition, somehow that tradition has compelled politicians to assume democratic and reformist rôles, which their convictions and actions belied. "How I wish I wasn't a reformer, oh, Senator!" Theodore Roosevelt exclaimed, "But I suppose I must live up to my part, like the Negro minstrel who blacked himself all over!" The quotation might well have served Hofstadter as a motto for his book, as well as for his devastating chapter on Roosevelt. The deepest impres-

sion this volume makes is the ingenuity with which politicians have in their harmless ideologies drawn the lines of conflict without ever making them firing lines between rival systems or social classes.

Unfortunately, Hofstadter does not explain why the political tradition has worked the way it has. If Bryan was, as Hofstadter insists, no rebel, why did he assume the rebel's rôle and why did he seem to be one? If the violent conflict of Jefferson's time was fundamentally between two kinds of property, how was it carried on as a conflict over the form and principles of government? Hofstadter does not answer such questions, but his book teems with suggestions for the future historian who ventures into the unexplored realm of American political behavior.

The weakness of Hofstadter's thesis, from which it logically follows that American history would have been essentially the same no matter which of the major parties controlled the government, is nowhere more apparent than in the case of Jefferson. To say, with Hofstadter, that Jefferson and the Federalists occupied *common* ground and arrived at a *common* end is to assume first, that had the Federalists retained power the end would have been the same; second, that the Federalists sacrificed nothing in becoming Republicans; third, that the most important events resulting from Jefferson's leadership—the Louisiana Purchase, war with England—were superfluous to the political tradition. These assumptions and others Hofstadter does not prove, probably because he has no chapter on Hamilton and the Federalists. The same general criticism applies to the author's interpretation of Jacksonian Democracy. Just as it is impossible to understand Jefferson's place in the tradition outside of the context of Hamiltonian Federalism, so it is impossible to understand the Jackson movement without the background of Whig ideas and policies.

Hofstadter's book may be the prologue to a long overdue reevaluation of the American political tradition. Even if it is not, several of its essays will live with the best that has been written on their subjects.

MERRILL D. PETERSON.

Brandeis University.

Yankee Science in the Making. By Dirk J. Struik. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1948. Pp. xiv, 430. $5.00.)

This study is devoted to the thesis that "understanding the science, the learning and the technology of an age means not only a knowledge of the content of the individual professions and techniques, but also an insight into the ways in which they are related to the social structure, the cultural aspirations and traditions of this age." With this statement, few can take issue, especially in the consideration of a book whose aim is to delineate the development of science and technology in New England prior to the Civil War. (Though Struik includes a short chapter on "The Colonial Setting," almost the entire book is concerned with the period beginning about 1779.) For the history of science in New England, like the history of science in America in general, involves a special obligation quite different from the study of science in Europe. In America, prior to the Civil War, one does not find the great discoveries, generalizations and scientific theories which have so transformed our ideas of the external world. The study of science in America is thus more a part of the discipline of American civilization or American cultural, social, and economic history, than of the history of science proper.

In *Yankee Science in the Making,* one may find gathered together for the first time an account of all the men of science and invention in early nineteenth-century New England; those who made the geological surveys, the doctors, the naturalists, the educators, the builders of clipper ships, clockmakers, bridge builders, railroad builders and compilers of almanacs. As put together by Struik, their account makes for continually fascinating reading, portraying a whole vista of American culture as yet not absorbed or integrated into the usual presentation of the development of America. Struik's account of the industrialization of New England shows the pattern that was later to characterize the development of the American nation—and that has been so conspicuous during the past one hundred years: mass production based on the idea of interchangeable parts and labor-saving devices, with a tapping of large-scale resources of power.

The completeness of Struik's coverage is most impressive. Thus Struik is, to my knowledge, the first historian to give any prominence to the Reverend John Prince of Salem, skilled precision instrument maker who supplied apparatus and scientific tools for teaching and research to a vast number of schools and colleges at the end of the eighteenth century and early part of the nineteenth. Prince's improvements of the microscope and air pump were widely adopted by the English instrument makers, yet his name is not even mentioned in books by American historians nor, for that matter, in accounts of Salem.

Side by side, in Struik's account, one finds the self-taught mechanical innovators and college-trained or university-trained scientific educators. Both extremes are encompassed under the one head of "Yankee Scientists," since Struik does not hold with those who would make a distinction between the advancement and dissemination of knowledge of nature and the alteration of the practical arts. Struik, furthermore, belongs to that group which overexaggerates the Baconian dicta; thus he writes, "the object of true knowledge, he [Bacon] claimed, was the relief of man's estate, the furtherance of man's power over nature, to alleviate human misery and to add to the comforts of life." This point of view finds its extreme expression among the Russian and English Marxists; those who adopt it tend not only to associate science very closely with the practical arts but also with both economic and social needs. While Bacon himself wrote that "truth and utility are the very same things," he meant only that "fruits and works" were the "sponsors and the sureties" for the truths of science. Bacon's point of view reflected the temper of the new scientific age, in which the laws of science must find application in the real world about us if they are indeed truths of the real external world. Bacon warned, in terms that too many historians have neglected, "works themselves are of greater value as pledges of truth than as contributors to the comforts of life."

If one of the weaknesses of Struik's account is the treatment of science and invention on exactly the same level, and the over-exaggeration of the effects of both, the simplicity of his historical approach must be reckoned another. Nowhere does Struik introduce comparative material as, for example, a discussion of scientific activity in Philadelphia or on the Continent. Throughout the whole

book one gets the feeling that Struik, despite his great reading, would have profited by considering some of the important studies on the general topic of the Puritan ethic and the development of science: those of R. K. Merton, Dorothy Stimpson, R. F. Jones, G. N. Clark and Perry Miller. Numerous "minor" historical errors and misprints will undoubtedly jar many readers interested in American history who hope to profit from the reading of this book.

Yankee Science in the Making ends abruptly with a brief reference to the mechanization which characterized the Civil War, and the mobilization of some of our scientific personnel in the Civil War forerunner of the O. S. R. D. The lack of an interpretive conclusion probably derives from the fact that Struik has thought of this book as the first part of his work, of which the second will take up the story where this one leaves off. One hopes that in the succeeding volume he will attempt to evaluate the significance of his account in more general terms. For, surely, one has the right to expect of an historian interested in science from both an historical and sociological point of view a deeper understanding than is provided by the statement that "the incentive for technological experimentation" which produced so "many inventors and manufacturers . . . from the farming towns of Connecticut and Worcester County," was "the combination of 'whittling boy' and 'Yankee peddler.' "

I. Bernard Cohen.

Harvard University.

Sam Ward in the Gold Rush. Edited by Carvel Collins. (Stanford, California: Stanford University Press. 1949. Pp. x, 189. $3.50.)

The greater part of this journal describing a sojourn in the southern San Joaquin Valley in 1851-1852 came to light when Mr. Collins discovered a previously unrecorded tenth volume of Porter's *Spirit of the Times*. By ingenious historical detective work the editor has established the identity of the author, who turns out to be Sam Ward, brother of Julia Ward Howe, a noted epicure and man of the world later known as "King of the Lobby" in Washington. The fourteen instalments make up a substantial book, which Mr. Collins has enriched by unusually full explanatory notes. The thoroughness of his editing shows that his discoveries are not accidental, but the reward of resourceful and sustained labor.

The volume is appropriately published by the Stanford Press in the centennial year of the Gold Rush as a contribution to early California history. It reflects the beginning of the second phase of gold mining, when placer deposits had been largely exhausted (only the Indians still found it profitable to wash the sands of the Merced River) and the major problem was raising capital to build stamping mills for handling gold-bearing quartz. Ward, who at thirty-seven had already lost one fortune in New York and another in San Francisco, was a member of a syndicate which bought into the Washington mine near Quartzburg and installed new equipment. The published instalments break off before the end of this venture but the editor supplies the information that, like so many other pioneer efforts at quartz mining, it proved unprofitable for the investors.

While Ward was waiting to learn the outcome of his speculation he lived at a store near Belt's Ferry over the Merced in which his friend Henry Drought had acquired an interest. Most of his journal concerns the desultory conduct of business at the trading post. Ward replaces a ferry washed away by a flood, curries favor with stagecoach drivers, and sells goods to the Indians for pinches of gold dust. He sets about preparing a grammar of the Potoyensee language; he takes an Indian acquaintance by steamboat from Stockton to San Francisco, only to have his charge vanish in the city and reappear much later in possession of a number of horses stolen from ranches along the homeward route. He visits Quartzburg and the Frémont holdings at Mariposa, and acts as host to friends from San Francisco who are touring the southern mines.

These unspectacular events are rendered in a highly self-conscious manner. Ward had been educated at the Round Hill School and Columbia College, and had spent four years in Europe; as a diversion he had taken a Ph.D. in mathematics at Tübingen. He was a close friend of Longfellow, who had accepted his advice about the revision of poems and his services as literary agent. Thus he brought to the frontier a sensibility richly stored with the standard intellectual equipment of young Eastern intellectuals of the 1840's. How much of his posturing is dictated by an effort to accommodate himself to the tone of Porter's *Spirit of the Times* and how much of it represents simply his idea of how a cosmopolite should react can hardly be determined. Nevertheless, there is a

strong period flavor about a man who writes that an Indian breaking a mustang anticipated "her every saltatory spasm," declares himself "weary of civilization," and confesses that his fancy is captivated by the idea of "a seclusion and repose which seemed enviable, whether among the ruins of Palenque, or beneath the mysterious arches of Petra, on the banks of the Great Fish River, or beneath the palms of Typee."

It is also characteristic of the era that when the first results of the operation of the new stamping mill seemed to promise great profits from the Washington mine, Ward slipped away to San Francisco to buy up stock before the public heard the news. "I thought this little operation not only lively but justifiable at the time," he comments. "I am not proud of it to-day; though the parties of whom I bought were not my intimates and had I, with my usual good nature, whispered in their ears, 'Hold on to your shares, they are a treasure,' they would not have paid sixpence for the information."

HENRY NASH SMITH.

University of Minnesota.

Aesculapius Comes to the Colonies: The Story of the Early Days of Medicine in the Thirteen Original Colonies. By Maurice Bear Gordon. (Ventnor, N. J.: Ventnor Publishers, Inc. 1949. Pp. xiv, 560. $10.00.)

Students of American civilization have long felt the need of a book which would set the history of medicine in their country in its total cultural perspective. Unfortunately the present work is not such a volume. Dr. Gordon has here compiled a great quantity of previously published material on American medical history in the period before 1800. He has relied extensively on material published by Kelly and Burrage, Packard, Blanton, Waring, and numerous other workers in the field. Except for the chapter on New Jersey there is little evidence of original research.

The main body of the book consists of twelve essays, one on the history of medicine in each of the colonies with the Carolinas considered as a unit. At the beginning of each chapter is a brief account of the political and social development of the colony prior to the revolution; these sections show little evidence of the author's acquaintance with recognized colonial historians. Dr. Gordon calls

the government of Massachusetts Bay "frankly theocratic" (p. 54); here he is at variance with Miller, Morison, and Wertenbaker who have carefully confined themselves to "oligarchy" or "aristocracy." He likewise ignores the work of Kittredge on the witchcraft trials. In his discussion of Connecticut the author remarks that the migration to Hartford "was precipitated by discontent with the autocratic form of government," (p. 182). Recent scholarship has emphasized the personal friction between John Cotton and Thomas Hooker. Similar errors occur in the treatment of the other colonies.

Dr. Gordon is somewhat more accurate in the purely medical side of his history. Here he concentrates on the lives of prominent physicians, paying much attention to the picturesque side of their careers. For example, he takes pains to describe the personal appearance of Benjamin Waterhouse and James Tilton. There is no attempt to contribute to the intellectual history of medicine in the manner of R. H. Shryock. His discussion of Benjamin Rush does not deal with the great Philadelphian's strategic position in the development of American medical psychology or with his unique "tension pathology."

One factual error demands comment. Dr. Gordon remarks that James Craik, the famous Virginia physician, "organized the medical department of the forces of Count Rochambeau" (p. 42). This is an amazing statement, since Rochambeau brought with him an exceptionally able physician general, Jean Francois Coste, and an equally competent surgeon general, Robillard. Coste, who later had a great career under Napoleon, established an efficient system of military hospitals for the French expeditionary force. Tilton describes one of these in his *Oeconomical Observations on Military Hospitals*. Dr. Gordon quotes extensively from this work; it is difficult to see how he missed the passage. There are also a number of typographical errors. The author refers to Eli Ives, first professor of Materia Medica at Yale, as "Levi Ives" (pp. 216, 223) and to a "little coterie of literary men" known as the "Hartford Hits" (p. 221). The book is profusely illustrated and beautifully printed.

LEONARD K. EATON.

Harvard University.

The Histrionic Mr. Poe. By N. Bryllion Fagin. (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1949. Pp. xiii, 289. $4.00.)

Mr. Fagin's book makes three major points: that Poe was a man much connected with the theatre; that he was a man of histrionic or "stagey" personality; and that he was a writer of essentially theatrical imagination.

The first point is well and thoroughly made. Mr. Fagin paints us Poe as the son of players, as an enthusiast of the theatre, as a student of dramatic literature, as an intimate of theatrical people, and as an original and constructive critic of the American drama. These aspects, taken together, constitute a side of Poe which has seldom been stressed, and show him as the only major American writer of his time whose interest in the stage went beyond the perpetration of closet dramas. Mr. Fagin must be praised for not overstating his case. In dealing, for example, with the extent of Poe's knowledge of dramatic literature, he assembles a whopping list of Poe's paraphrases, borrowings, and allusions; but recognizing the uncertain nature of such evidence, he is content merely to credit Poe "with a knowledge of drama much wider than that possessed by the average reporter of Broadway entertainment in his day." The most important thing about Poe's relation to the theatre, as Mr. Fagin conveys, was that in an era of desperately bad plays, he tried to forge a set of high criteria in the light of which the contemporary stage might learn its failings. Rising above the puffery of his fellow-critics, he demanded that playwrights think in terms of the medium, of actableness; he damned the drama of labyrinthine intrigue; he prescribed artistic unity, adequate motivation, and that consequence in the action which depends upon the full imagining of character.

Poe, says Mr. Fagin, was an actor *manqué*, a constitutional histrio who, although his actual daily life was uneventful to the point of insipidity, contrived to dramatize it by the adoption of various romantic rôles ("the ardent, sad lover; the underprivileged, the misunderstood; the lover of beauty, of gentleness, virtue, womanhood"). To call Poe a kind of actor, as Mr. Fagin does, is to find one possible metaphor for Poe's doubleness of nature; for like the actor, who must both act and watch himself act, Poe was a man who created personalities for himself and studied himself in them. The danger of regarding Poe as an actor—and Mr. Fagin somewhat falls

into the trap—is that one may take too amused and commonsensical a view of his life. Poe was not a happy poseur, but a man driven to perpetual imposture by his inability to resolve himself into a social individual. The manifest phoniness of some of Poe's work and of much of his behavior was only the by-product of a spiritual struggle which Poe never won, but which he did have the power to record in some of the most remarkable poems and tales in our language. The American writer who has told us most about the dark places of the mind should not be thought of as a superficial personality.

Where Mr. Fagin's thesis wears thin is in his treatment of Poe's poems and tales. He would have us see Poe as a writer who, although his only play was a failure, possessed a dramatist's imagination, and created in his work a theatrical world "in which he himself was the playwright, actor, *régisseur,* scene-designer, and, to a large extent, audience." This again is both metaphorically enlightening and an incitement to shallowness. We find, to take a minor example, Mr. Fagin accounting for the frequency of tinted windowpanes in Poe by suggesting that they represent Poe's sensitivity to theatrical lighting-effects. Perhaps they do in some small degree; Poe had a prodigious visual imagination; but this is hardly an adequate accounting. Poe's tinted window-panes are not there merely for "effect." They *mean* something. In the early poem *Dreams,* we have the line

> Dreams, in their vivid coloring of life . . .

and everywhere in his work Poe conceives of dreams as being strange and artificial in coloration, as indeed they often are. Whenever a room in Poe has tinted windows it is an indication that what goes on inside is a dream—or madness, which Poe equated with dreaming. The windows are usually red because for Poe, as for most of us, red was the color of irrationality and violence. The starkest presentation of the meaning of red windows is to be found in *The Haunted Palace* (which, as Poe wrote Griswold, is a poem about a "disordered brain"): there, the sane-or-waking mind has two clear and "luminous" windows, while the insane-or-dreaming mind has "red-litten windows." In short, the tinted window in Poe is a precise image consistently employed, and we need not hypothesize a passion for stage-lighting in order to understand it.

Considering Poe's relations with the stage, it is surprising that he made so *little* use of it in his work. *The Conqueror Worm* and *The Spectacles* are the main exhibits, and neither represents Poe writing on all eight. Nowhere in Poe do we find such powerful use of theatrical devices and imagery as may be found in his fellow-student of the dream, Gérard de Nerval; and although Mr. Fagin's comments on Poe's work are sometimes suggestive, I do not think that the theatre is the grand key to Poe's imaginary world. Mr. Fagin is to be thanked for establishing the evidence for Poe's life-long interest in the stage; his portrayal of Poe as a histrio is helpful if taken with reservations; but his section of literary criticism is far less valuable, and seems to this reviewer an unfortunate over-extension of his theme.

RICHARD WILBUR.
Harvard University.

Arsenals of a Democratic Culture. By Sidney H. Ditzion. (Chicago: American Library Association. 1947. Pp. x, 263. $5.00.)

This reviewer admits that he approached the book with a certain indifference. Being acquainted with the excitement aroused by Vattemare's agitation and with the story of the subsequent founding of the Boston Public Library, what was there for him to learn about the origins of our public libraries? Surely the famous statement prepared by George Ticknor and Edward Everett in 1852—City Document No. 37—"on the objects to be attained by the establishment of a public Library and the best mode of effecting them" said everything. The reports of the other libraries that followed suit, and the multitude of newspaper articles, debates in legislatures and city councils, sermons, orations at dedication exercises, proceedings at conventions, and all other rhetorics must have been merely variations on the same theme.

To a large extent, they were; nor could the author entirely escape their repetitiousness. And yet once he started reading, the reviewer found the volume absorbingly interesting. Out of the immense mass of material, Mr. Ditzion succeeded in extracting some information for almost every page, and his conclusions are stated with force and insight. The sub-title is "A social history of the American public library movement in New England and the Mid-

dle States from 1850 to 1900"; and the book is just that. As Professor Curti writes in the foreword, it is the first full-length study of our public library movement "conceived and executed in terms of modern scholarship in history and sociology."

Discussing the cultural foundations, the author first analyzes the social ideas of the leaders, "the intellectuals." The merchants and manufacturers to whom men like Ticknor and Everett appealed were themselves an educated group to whom the advantages of reading were self-evident. In most cities, the transition from the social to the free library was accepted without opposition, especially since the former had a weak economic basis. Only the Boston Athenaeum weathered the storm. The concept of republicanism, as well as the heritage of individual worth derived from the earlier Calvinism, found its honest expression in the library movement. "The real ideological force which fostered the public libraries," the author writes, ". . . was the spirit of common humanity which fostered abolition, women's rights, the peace movement, prison reform, the mitigation of severe penalties for crime, and the establishment of institutions for the care of the afflicted."

The new cultural nationalism saw in the libraries a means of creating a responsible citizenry, educating the foreign-born, and providing a guide to political and social problems. Temperance workers did not overlook their opportunity in representing them as safeguards of sobriety and efficiency; an unusually large number of library trustees and donors were also active in the temperance movement. But to humanitarians of all shades the library appeared as a potent agency of social uplift. The directors of the Lowell Library urged the founding of a public library because "perhaps, there will be one young man less in the place where intoxicating drinks are found . . . perhaps, there will be one young woman less to fall from the path of purity down to that depth of degradation and misery to which only a woman can fall." To be sure, there were some sceptics. The Holyoke *Herald*, for example, declared that "in the prevention of crime, a housing program was more effective than all the public libraries in Christendom." Mr. Ditzion observes that before the Civil War humanitarianism was characterized by broad democratic ideals, whereas in later years it was "at times designed to maintain the social stratification of the *status quo*."

The cultural aspirations of "the great masses" was a frequently used slogan, but there is nothing to indicate that the library enthusiasts were acting as spokesmen for the workingmen. In many cases, indeed, endowments were manifestly made for the defense of conservative interests, with the idea that libraries were "efficacious in controverting some of the troublesome social philosophies which were beginning to attract the American worker." The *Reformed Church Review* bluntly stated that it was "shrewd policy on the part of some of our great millionaires to expend a trifle of the gains which they made off the people in giving them public libraries."

It was Carnegie's philanthropy which left the greatest impress upon the American public library movement. The Pittsburgh industrialist had his admirers as well as his critics, the former pointing out that he avoided interfering in the policy of his libraries, and the latter denouncing his "lust for publicity." The librarians themselves—led by Justin Winsor, Charles A. Cotter, W. F. Poole, and others of similar stature—accepted the democratic premise without qualification. "A library had to furnish the books that people wanted to read," they believed, "not what the trustees felt was good for them." The formation of branch libraries and children's rooms, and keeping open in the evening and Sundays were all steps toward a more popular program.

Mr. Ditzion's excellent study stops at the turn of the century. It is hoped that he will undertake a similar history of the last fifty years. Such a work might prove even more useful than the present one: it would examine to what extent the ideals of the public library movement have been realized, and would undoubtedly also reveal great changes in the library profession itself. Not one woman was present at the first conference of librarians in 1853; today librarianship is largely a woman's occupation in America. The growth of the college libraries, too, had a great influence upon the public libraries—partly by attracting, if not monopolizing, the donations of their alumni, and partly by taking over some of the most valuable areas of library service. The increasing neglect of scholarship in favor of technical proficiency has been a deplorable feature of the public library developments of the past half-century.

ZOLTAN HARASZTI.

Boston Public Library.

Protestant Churches and Industrial America. By Henry F. May. (New York: Harper and Brothers. 1949. Pp. x, 297. $3.50.)

The patterns of American thought and action have probably changed more radically during the past quarter century than they had during the whole of the previous hundred years. But many economic and social ideas which have been born during our lifetime were conceived long ago, and the process of gestation is described in this book. It is studied from a particular point of view —that of the thought and programs of the Protestant Churches of America. A previous work, *The Rise of the Social Gospel in American Protestantism,* by C. Howard Hopkins, had brilliantly described the growth of liberal sentiment during this period. Mr. May's study, fully documented and interestingly written, mirrors the conservative as well as the liberal mind of the church during this fecund and creative period in American thought. From one point of view, it might seem as though the religious mind merely reflected secular thought. This book, however, points out how "at a crucial time, the social Christian movement gave encouragement to developing American progressivism." It forced the recognition of new social concepts and led society through the churches into hitherto untried social action as well as legislation.

Before the Civil War, the Protestant churches, apart from abolitionist sentiment, were prevailingly conservative. With a membership drawn from the dominant economic groups, they opposed both the Jeffersonian and Jacksonian movements. "And this kind of democracy is generally only a decent name for social despotism, or downright mobocracy," was Philip Schaff's comment on the Jacksonians. With rare exceptions, most church leaders agreed that poverty is inevitable and that the only duty of the Christian is to care for the needy in decent charity.

The twenty-five years following the Civil War saw the establishment of a complacency that defended the status quo and believed that all was well in the land. "In losing sight of sin, it lost its power to explain or to attack evil. From being impossible, betterment of the world became too easy." The churches had lost touch with dissident groups in American society. True, prophets like Adin Ballou and Jesse H. Jones preached a gospel which proclaimed that labor had rights not then recognized. But the churches gave their opinions no hospitality.

The period from 1877-1895 saw many radical movements rising in America. Problems of industrialism and of urban life revealed the extent of poverty. Bitter strikes frightened the decent people whose complacency had blinded them to the desperation of so many lives. They escaped from the real causes of social unrest into easy moralistic solutions. "It is said that a dollar a day is not enough for a wife and five or six children. No, not if the man smokes or drinks beer."

But eventually there emerged a leadership in the American churches which sought to make Christian ethical teaching relevant to the social issues of the day. Newton, and Gladden, saw that the Protestant churches had no contact with labor. Many of the preachers who were influenced by these men began to plead that the church cease arguing theology and let men know her sympathy for suffering. Much of this thinking was economically and sociologically naïve, facile, and over-optimistic. Nevertheless, the leaders of the Social Gospel movement were successful in their attack upon the undiluted individualism of the time, since the Christian doctrine of brotherhood gave support to ideas of equality while it also condemned selfish individualism. The movement had to wait for a Rauschenbusch to give it theological consistency and support.

Mr. May has traced this development with great skill and superb documentation. While he quotes from many sources, he is never buried beneath the mass of material he has collected. Rather, he has interpreted it in most significant fashion, so that his book is valuable both for the historian and the religious reader. One realizes that the contribution of the American churches to Christendom comes most significantly through the Social Gospel. Contemporary theological interest in Protestantism tends to discount this movement; but its strength, as seen in this book, has not been dissipated, and it will undoubtedly have to assert itself again.

JOHN SCHROEDER.

Yale University.

The Vermont Story: A History of the People of the Green Mountain State 1749-1949. By Earle Newton. (Montpelier: Vermont Historical Society. 1949. Pp. x, 282. Ill. $8.00.)

Mr. Newton needs little introduction to avid readers of New

England history. But to give others an adequate appraisal of this volume it will help to record the following:

He is director of the Vermont Historical Society, having previously served the Navy as field historian. He is secretary of the American Association for State and Local History. He founded, and is editor of, *Vermont Life*. He is preparing a ten-volume history, "The Growth of Vermont," and the AASLH has announced plans to begin a new quarterly, *American Heritage*, with Mr. Newton as editor.

School and college teachers required to teach a history of the Green Mountain State long have felt the general inadequacy of such accounts of Vermont as those written by Allen, Crockett, Stone, Conant, Williams, Thompson, Child, Benjamin Hall, Hiland Hall, Walton, Douglass and Abbott, Hemenway and others.

Mr. Newton's distinctive approach to the state's 200-year-old history is doubly significant. It is the first in a scheduled series on the American states under his general editorship. Except possibly Crane's *Let Me Show You Vermont*, and *Winter in Vermont*, and Van de Water's *Reluctant Republic*, this volume is the most attractively arranged and most interesting story of the people of Vermont yet published.

As far as textbooks go, it is refreshingly unorthodox in its two-column format and lavish use of natural-color pictures, maps, paintings, and new and historic plates (some 140 of them). History teachers may feel that, to be wholly suited for a basic text, it should be supplemented with film strips, radio scripts, movies, and other audio-visual aids. Yet this rich and encyclopedic book has brought together in unprecedented completeness a colorful account of the people between the Connecticut River and Lake Champlain whose history has been both turbulent and racy.

Through the volume run such famous Vermont names as Ethan and Ira Allen, Jacob Bayley, Thomas Chittenden, Royall Tyler, Calvin Coolidge, George Aiken, Samuel Williams, George Dewey, Charles Clark, Horace Greeley, Warren Austin, Dorothy Fisher, Ralph Flanders, the Proctor family, Luigi Lucioni, Sinclair Lewis, Samuel Morey, Joseph Smith, John Stark and Seth Warner.

Legends are scarce in this chronology; facts and oft-told yarns are plentiful. The volume is documented where essential, but many pages (largely by cut-bleeding) lack numbers—a situation annoy-

ing to the reader who seeks a quick item-check from the exhaustive index.

Besides being of likely use as a college or secondary school text, Newton's monumental work seems certain to appeal to the "nostalgic affection of Vermonters everywhere for thir native state"; it will also be a medium of promotion of the Yankee way of life and that state's "unspoiled" resources for those who may go there as tourists, summer residents or settlers.

Chronologically arranged, the narrative interprets the state's story in three parts: "The Face of Vermont: Geography, Geology, Natural Resources, Vermont Sugar Bush"; "First Century: 1749-1849"; and "Second Century: 1849-1949." The tale runs from the early days of dominance by Indians, then British, then New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New York to the founding of the Republic of Vermont, and later its admission to the Union as the fourteenth state. Frontier culture is analyzed; Vermont's democracy is unfolded, and the story is told of the spilling over of her people into other states as the nation expanded westward.

The *Story* relates the effect on the state of the extension of railroads and first-class highways, and the development of such giant industries as granite, marble, agriculture, woolen goods, maple sugar, and tools. Education, religion, newspapers, magazines, art, tourist trade, summer camps, hunting, fishing, winter sports, symphony orchestras, music festivals, "Republican" government, public works—all these are a part of this dynamic and accurate record of the heritage of one of the New England states.

It informs and interests simultaneously by its bright color-pictures, cutlines, and spirited interpretive narrative. And it has brought together between two covers a sociologically rich collection of valuable illustrations and state-archives data more vast and rare than all but a few Vermonters themselves ever get to see in a lifetime. Mr. Newton's initial state volume has set a smart pace for the other forty-seven books to follow.

JOSEPH C. CARTER.

Temple University.

SHORT NOTICES

Manchester on the Merrimac: The Story of a City. By Grace Holbrook Blood. (Manchester, New Hampshire: Lew A. Cummings Company. 1948. Pp. 365. $3.00.)

The *Story of a City* is hardly a history in the conventional sense, but it is an unusual, attractive, and interesting book. There is little attempt at "documentation," and statistics and annals are anathema to Mrs. Blood. She is more concerned with the "spirit" of the town than with the letter of its history.

Mrs. Blood is a Manchester woman, and evidently loves the city. She writes well in a simple, direct, and unadorned style that is pleasing and easy to follow. The book is a local product not only because the author is a local woman, but because the excellent illustrations are the work of a local artist, and because it was designed and printed locally. Mrs. Blood makes grateful acknowledgement to the late Fred W. Lamb, long Director of the Historical Association, whose extensive collection of material for a new history of the city was placed in her hands.

The book begins with an account of the physical features of the site and with some account of the Indians. Perhaps the most interesting and valuable chapter is devoted to General John Stark, Revolutionary hero of New Hampshire, whom Mrs. Blood styles "Derryfield's Man of Destiny." Here we have considerable new material especially concerning his early and his later life. Another very interesting chapter, also containing much new material, has to do with Samuel Blodget, "Pioneer of Internal Progress in New Hampshire." He was indeed a remarkable man, a man with a vision of Derryfield's becoming the "Manchester of America," a vision destined in large measure to be realized.

The chapters on Stark and Blodget are the best in the book and add not a little to our knowledge of two important men, men of more than local importance and interest. The chapters dealing with the predecessors and the origin and history of the Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Manufacturing Company also deserve a word of appreciation. Many would give them precedence over the two just spoken of.

Manchester on the Merrimac is not an important contribution even to local history, but it is a readable account of an important New England city through the centuries. It will long be read with interest, pleasure, and profit by the people of Manchester. They are fortunate to have the history of their city presented to them in so readable a form and in so attractive a volume.

ARTHUR ADAMS.

Trinity College.

South Shore Town. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. (New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. Pp. xii, 201. $3.50.)

This pleasant book contains a series of sketches about the town of Hingham, Massachusetts: its people, their houses, their business, and their ways of life, past and present. The author herself calls these sketches "random," an accurate adjective, and another, equally accurate, would be "brief," for there are fifty-two of them in a thin volume.

Miss Coatsworth has imagination, sympathy, and the seeing eye. She has also a charming prose style. This combination, brought to bear on a fruitful subject, has resulted in an unusual book—descriptive, casually historical, personal, and sentimental. We read about the ducks in fall and winter (pp. 23, 24); the clam-diggers (p. 28 ff.); and the old Souther shipyard (p. 45). Certain families provide material for anecdotes, like the Spragues (p. 133 ff.). Sometimes we find, instead, an individual and his sayings and doings, as a central figure. One of the best of these is Dr. Ebenezer Gay (p. 127 ff.), the fine old liberal parson of the Old Ship Church. Another (p. 130 ff.) concerns one of his descendants, Allan Gay, the artist, and a third tells about Captain Barnabas Lincoln, who was captured by pirates off Key Largo (p. 187).

Other sketches, like "Green Street Court" (p. 83 ff.) are chiefly descriptive, whereas in "Escape" (p. 114 ff.) a chance call on Miss Susan Willard produces a lively anecdote about the Revolution and another from the time of the French and Indian Wars. Miss Coatsworth has a fine feeling for the importance of country stores, those former centers of village life, open at six-thirty in the morning and not closed until after ten at night, which served as clubhouses for the citizens, around the stove in winter, on the steps in

summer. In her sketch entitled "Stores" (p. 76 ff.) she paints vivid pictures of several such establishments in Hingham and elsewhere, with their various kinds of merchandise, and their whimsical proprietors.

When the end of the book is reached, the reader knows a great deal, geographically and spiritually, about the town of Hingham; and he knows something, too, about Miss Coatsworth, for like the true essayist, she reveals her own likes and dislikes, her sentiment, and her happy combination of interest in the old with approval of the new.

HENRY C. KITTREDGE.

St. Paul's School.

The American Churches: An Interpretation. By William Warren Sweet. (New York and Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 1949. Pp. 153. $1.50.)

This brief volume attempts to analyze the major forces that have produced in the United States religious attitudes and institutions unlike those of western Europe from which our culture and racial stocks are derived. It is the result of an invitation received by Professor Sweet in 1946 to deliver the Beckly Lectures on the social implication of the gospel before the British Methodist Conference. The choice of topics and the level on which the discussion is pitched resulted at least in part from the need to interpret American religious traditions and practices to an audience relatively unfamiliar with them. Professor Sweet has chosen for examination such elements in our religious life as the spread of "left-wing Protestantism" in Colonial America, the frontier experience, revivalism, the proliferation of denominations, Negro religion, the rise of Roman Catholicism, and the tradition of activism.

The factual detail on which the interpretation rests is ample and adequately presented. The interpretation itself, however, is neither penetrating nor carefully articulated. It abounds in hasty generalizations; for example, the assertion is made that the social gospel produced by industrialism and the rise of the city "was simply the revival of a frontier emphasis" appearing in a new social situation. It is weakened by the use of ill-defined categories, constantly shifting in meaning; thus "left-wing Protestantism" at the beginning of one chapter means separation of church and state

plus inner, personal religion, and before the end of the chapter has come to be loosely equated with "individualism." It contains misleading implications; "neo-orthodoxy," of which Reinhold Niebuhr is given as one of the American spokesmen, is represented as leading to quietism and disregard for problems of social reform. In view of Professor Sweet's lifelong study of American religious history, one might have hoped for an interpretive work which would give a penetrating and mature analysis of social and religious forces. In actuality, the book falls considerably short of such a goal.

CONRAD WRIGHT.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Chronicles of Old Salem: A History in Miniature. By Frances Diane Robotti. (Salem: Newcomb and Gauss. 1948. Pp. xi, 129. $2.50.)

This is a chronicle arranged year by year with the facts which the author considers worth recording for each year. She attempts to give a general picture of the town's genesis, so more than ten per cent deals with facts before 1626. When she gets hold of a fact she is apt to consider both its past and future connection, so the book is not simply a chronicle. With great diligence she has hunted up innumerable facts and stories and arranged them in chronological order, but the book shows evidence of hasty paste-pot-and-scissors work. There are a lot of errors, unfortunately, and many highly controversial topics, like the first voyages to Sumatra and Japan, are treated as settled facts. Some of her authorities will squirm a little at statements attributed to them without probing for the exact meaning of their statements. As for correct English, we have suffered for some years from the adjective "reverend" used as a title, like Rev. Higginson and Rev. Barnard, etc., but this is the first time we remember Sir Gorges instead of Sir Ferdinando. Mr. Elias Hasket Derby is created a Captain out of hand (which he was not), and is not differentiated from his son, Gen. Derby, who levelled the Common. But in spite of everything, Mrs. Robotti has compiled a useful and entertaining book that many people can consult with pleasure and profit, and it keeps up the campaign of interest in the old town.

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A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF NEW ENGLAND
1949

WALTER MUIR WHITEHILL

This bibliography comprises articles dealing with New England in periodical publications for the year 1949, including bound volumes of historical societies that publish no serials.

Readers of the NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY will confer a favor on the editors by sending them notes of such articles as they appear, especially from periodicals outside the historical field.

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